E-221-5-6
C.2

W Bronscombe 1813 30 08

Northern Messenger

VOLUME XLIII. No. 15 MONTREAL, APRIL 10, 1908. 40 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

'The "Northern Messenger" is a marvel for the price.'—Archibald Lee, Grenville, Que.

Mary's Gift.

(From Tennyson's, 'In Memoriam.')

Her eyes are homes of silent prayer,
Nor other thought her mind admits
But, he was dead, and there he sits,
And He that brought him back is there.

Then one deep love doth supersede
All other, when her ardent gaze
Roves from the living brother's face,
And rests upon the Life indeed.

All subtle thought, all curious fears,
Borne down by gladness so complete,
She bows, she bathes the Saviour's feet
With costly spikenard and with tears.

A Personal Religion.

One of the difficult things for men to realize seems to be their personal relation to God—that God cares for them as individuals, and that they owe him a love and a service which shall be real and practical.

When, some years ago, in the British naval manoeuvres the "Camperdown" was sunk by her sister ship, the sailors struggling in the water had no trouble to realize that the boats which were put out by the vessels of the fleet were there to save them. Each one knew his personal safety was sought, and where one had a shipmate in the boat, who called his name and sought him, it had a special meaning, though that sailor knew his friend would be seeking others even though he were not in need.

So Christ seeks us, and calls us by our name, and day after day labors for our salvation. His love is personal and real, and reaches down to everyone.

But it asks a return in love and service. The story is told of a young officer, dying of consumption, a good enough fellow, who lived up to the ideals and standards of his set, not immoral, honest, brave, everything a man could be, except that Christ had no place in his life. He kept on planning for the future, and had no special dread of death, relying on his 'record.' One day a clergyman friend talked to him about his soul. His reply was to point to his spotless life. His friend turned to him, 'Jack, what have you ever done or not done that would have been different if you believed there was no God? Or, I'll put it differently: What have you ever done or not done for the sake of Christ your Saviour? If your life has been moral, hasn't it been godless?' 'I see it now,' he replied. 'Leave me and let me think about that question.' It brought him to Christ and the feeling of a real personal relation to his Lord.

Morality will not answer. The standard of heaven is so high above our standard that our own lives would make a poor showing.

What is our relation to Christ? What are we doing for his sake? What are we not doing because He disapproves? The intimate relation with our Lord, the personal relation, is what we need, giving him love and service in return for the great salvation he is offering us and for the love which he bears to us.

Our religion is a personal religion, and our love must be a personal love for the Christ of Galilee.—The 'Lutheran Observer.'

A Pastor's Experience.

'I knew a pastor,' says Dr. Bradt, 'who placed the great needs of the world before his people, and then asked the church for $1,000, where before they had given $100. He was met by the board of trustees and told that he must not press this upon the church, otherwise his own salary would have to be lessened. The pastor said, "Very well, brethren, if you will not join me in this, then stand by and see the salvation of the Lord; this thing is going to be done at whatever cost to myself, for I am convinced that the cause of Christ and the life of the church demand it." And it was done. At the end of the year the church had raised almost $1,000 for foreign missions, paid off its debt, paid the pastor in full, paid all other expenses, had money in the treasury, and had added 100 people, by conversion, to its membership. Besides this, the board of trustees and everybody else in the church was converted to the missionary idea, and the church took front rank, not only as an ideal church for foreign missions, but as an ideal church in every other good work for God and man, and has grown from a little church of thirty-five members, a few years ago, to one of the leading churches of the denomination.'

'Is My Heart Stopped?'

Spurgeon started up once at night in great fright. He had just dreamed that his heart had stopped beating. His watch was within reach and, on looking at it, he discovered that it had stopped running, apparently at the very moment when he had had the ugly dream. His own explanation, which was probably the correct one, was that the moment the watch stopped his ear had noted the change and brought on the dream. And the great preacher, with that readiness which always characterized him for using common things as illustrations of great truths, seized upon this incident and said: 'How I wish every Christian, whenever he feels the works of piety are not carried on by him, would start up in fright and say: "Is my heart stopped?"' There is another truth which the story illustrates and that has to do with the sensitiveness of the soul to duty. What

a blessed thing it would be if every Christian were so accustomed to work that whenever he ceased from any duty he would suddenly awake as from a bad dream! It is possible for everyone to be thus sensitive to every call of duty. And if anyone is not so warned it is probable that he has become so accustomed to the warning and has so many times neglected it that he hears it no more. Even a good alarm-clock put beside the bed fails to awaken some people, simply because they have neglected to heed it.—Selected.

Religious Notes.

The University of Havana, Cuba, enrolls nearly 700 students. Those who are in a position to know report that there is not a single earnest Christian among them. About twenty belong to the Young Men's Christian Association of the city, but apparently these as well as the others are quite indifferent to religion. As yet no leader has been found in the University who can awaken religious interest among his fellow students. The secretary of the City Association requests prayer that a leader may be found.—The 'Student World.'

'Medical Missions at Home and Abroad' for January gives the names and locations of all medical missionaries in the foreign field who hold British degrees or diplomas. In 1890 these numbered but 125, but since have more than trebled, and include 257 men and 138 women, or a total of 395. The Church Missionary Society heads the list with 72, the United Free Church comes next with 61, the London Society with 38, Church of Scotland 23, etc.

The American Bible Society has appointed Rev. F. G. Penzotti, who is well known in South American countries, for his heroism in Christian work, as its agent for the La Plata Agency, with headquarters in Buenos Ayres, Argentina. This agency includes most of the republics of South America, with the exception of Brazil. Mr. Penzotti takes the places made vacant by the death of Rev. Andrew M. Milne, and will have charge of a work of distribution that last year exceeded 50,000 volumes of Scriptures. Mr. Penzotti has had a varied experience in the service of the Society and has been for many years past the agent in charge of its work in Central America and Panama.

Brazil is by far the largest of the South American republics, having an area of 3,218,130 square miles, with a population of (1880) 14,333,915. The Roman Catholic population numbers about 14,000,000, and the Protestant population about 144,000. Nine missionary boards are reported as operating in Brazil, with a total number of stations and outstations of 356, missionaries 126, and native workers 112. There are 53 reported schools and two publishing houses. Brazil is a country greatly needing a large force of missionary workers. There is a vast native population among the Indians hitherto untouched.

Our Labrador Work.

THE LANDING OF THE DEER.

St. Anthony, Jan. 20, 1908.

'D'reindeer's come.' This official announcement was made by Rube, one of the mainstays of the Mission, to a group of volunteer workers who had just returned from church, Sunday, January 6. We all hustled out-doors to confirm glad tidings, and saw a steamer's smoke away off behind a neck of land which shuts in the harbor. Then the men watching on the hill came down with the news that the steamer, after coming to the edge of the ice and delaying a short time to send out a boat, had turned south, evidently intending to put into the next harbor, about two miles distant by land. Following this announcement, which spread like wildfire, the whole population turned toward the little settlement of Gremeliere, travelling over high hills by a poor and little used path. Obstacles like this, however, had no deterring effect on the crowd, for, driven on by wild excitement and enthusiasm, they made record breaking time.

The procession filed down the hill, out over the ice, and aboard the steamer. She was a Norwegian vessel, the 'Anita,' 2,000 tons.

The deer were stowed fore and after, just below decks, in temporary pens. The does, of which there are 250, seemed small, about the size of yearling red deer as nearly as one could judge in the poor light. There are 25 bucks, from four to ten years, broken to harness. The latter are about the size of an average horse, but not as high. Besides there are 25 oxen, or unbroken young bucks, of three years old, for breeding later or breaking. All had their horns cut off before starting, to prevent fighting on the crowded ship.

The Lapps, of whom there are ten in all, three couples and a fourth couple with two boys, were, after the deer, the centre of interest. They are very short, about shoulder high to the average man, and have small, wizened faces, especially the women. The men wear moustaches, and brush them straight up, which add to their queer appearance. Both sexes wear deer-skin breeches and knee-length coats, with the hair outside. The only difference in constume is the cap, the women wearing a close-fitting hood, and the men a cap with four stuffed cloth horns. Their clothes seem to be made of innumerable scraps sewed together; some have red cloth strips sewed into the seams. A murderous sheath-knife, and a tobacco pouch, hung from the belt complete each costume. All the men chew, and both men and women smoke.

The captain told us that the Lapps had given the deer the most constant care all during the voyage, even when both Lapps and deer were so sea-sick that they could hardly stand up. The excellent condition of the deer, in spite of the 22 days' voyage, confirmed his testimony.

The Lapps brought with them 10 Lapland dogs to help hold the deer. These are mostly black, and much like the Huskies or Eskimo dogs as regards heavy fur, short pointed ears, and tails curved over the back, but are smaller and less fierce. After the necessary business had been settled it was decided to begin landing the deer early the next morning.

Before light next morning, about eight o'clock, the path was alive with men on komatiks drawn by dog-teams ranging from three mongrel pups to the doctor's ten big Newfoundland and Eskimo dogs, on their way to help unload the reindeer.

When the Lapps had gone up on the hills to take the lie of the land, and examine the moss, though it was covered with ice and snow, they again pronounced it identical with that in their own country, and fairly easy for the deer to get at, so a start was made unloading the deer. A gang plank was built to the ship's hatches and battens, and run from the big forward port-hole to the ice. The pens were then taken down and the deer run out through the port-hole to the ice. This was an arduous task. Each deer had to be caught, and forcibly hauled from the mass of bucking, charging deer to the opening, where the two men, one on each side, grasped him and pushed him out on to the gang-planks. Often a deer would balk, and have to be led or pushed all the way down the plank. The Lapps did this trick very well by putting their arms around the deer's body just back of the shoulder; lifting his fore-legs just clear of the ground, and thus Spanish-walking him to the ice without resistance. One man tried to ride a big buck, but an inconvenient beam knocked him off sprawling.

Once on the ice, the majority of the deer made for the shore, and followed their predecessors up to the hills. A great many, however, seemed to have an irresistible desire to run around the ship's stern, and make off across the bay in exactly the opposite direction from St. Anthony. Any number of men had come from all the little coves for miles up and down the coast to see the deer and render any assistance which was needed. So we strung them out in a long line from the ship to the shore, to act as a barrier to the reindeer. In spite of shouting and waving of coats and arms, several of the deer, who are very fleet even on the 'cobbly' ice, managed to dodge through between the men, after which it was impossible to head them off, as several of the men found out by experiment. For the deer, frightened by the rough voyage, and strange conditions, seemed demented, and charged right at them.

The Lapps, however, manifested no concern about this scattering, and seemed confident that the deer would either drift back again to the main herd, if the wind was right; or be easily collected. Their dogs were unused to the ice, and consequently of no use to round them up in this case.

One of the Lapps went up on the hills with the leader, a buck chosen from among the whole herd for his age, sagacity and size, to lead the herd and gather in the stragglers. Every two or three minutes, until he was out of sight, the Lapp women on the deck would shout in a shrill voice, 'Schlug de bel-lo!' The Lapp responded by grasping the bell which hung from the deer's neck and ringing it.

One of the Lapp women had fallen during the voyage, from the ladder leading to the hald, and broken her knee-cap, and as she was rather heavy she had been made comfortable right there on and under a pile of deerskins and shawls, instead of being taken back to her regular second-class stateroom.

We explained through the interpreter that she had now come to a place where there was a hospital in which she would be kindly cared for and treated. She seemed willing to go, and so was strapped into one of their little boat-shaped sleds, hoisted up on deck, and lowered over the side, where she was dragged ashore and loaded on to a waiting komatik, and carried away to the hospital. The doctor thought her knee would best be healed by an operation, but her husband strenuously objected to this, saying, 'Oh, well, she's a pretty old woman and doesn't need a very good leg any more.' As she is fortunately only thirty-five the doctor thinks that careful treatment will do the business and fix up her leg nearly, though not quite as well as an operation would do.

The personal and household effects of the Lapps were landed next, consisting mainly of sleds filled with deerskins, etc., and a couple of bales of 'senegrass,' the sedge which the Lapps stuff into their deerskin boots and mitts, done up in nets, instead of socks, which they do not wear at all. This was piled on the shore and hauled over to St. Anthony next day by dog teams, for the Lapps decided not to use the deer for any purpose until they had recovered from the excitement of landing and been assembled in one herd.

A very busy and interesting day was ended by landing part of the remaining reindeer moss on the ice, after which we all adjourned to St. Anthony with all the Lapps except one, who stayed behind a while to hustle up some of the stray deer.

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the launch:—A Friend, Stratford, $1.00; Mrs. P. MacCallum, $1.00; Christian Endeavor Society, Inverness, P. Que., $13.31; Total.. .. ..$ 15.31
Previously acknowledged for all purposes.. .. ..$ 1,542.36

Total received up to March 24.. .$ 1,557.67

Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, stating with the gift whether it is for launch, komatic, or cots.

L'envoi.

O love triumphant over guilt and sin,
My soul is soiled, but Thou shalt enter in;
My feet must stumble if I walk alone,
Lonely my heart, till beating by Thine own,
My will is weakness till it rest in Thine,
Cut off, I wither, thirsting for the Vine,
My deeds are dry leaves on a sapless tree,
My life is lifeless till it live in Thee!
—The Late Frederic Lawrence Knowles, in 'Love Triumphant.'

LESSON,—SUNDAY, APRIL 19, 1908.

Jesus Anointed at Bethany.

John xii., 1-11. Memory verse, 3.

Golden Text.

We love him because he first loved us. I. John iv., 19.

Home Readings.

Monday, April 13.—John xii., 1-11.
Tuesday, April 14.—John xii., 12-22.
Wednesday, April 15.—John xii., 23-36.
Thursday, April 16.—John xii., 37-50.
Friday, April 17.—Matt. xxvi., 1-16.
Saturday, April 18.—Mark xiv., 1-11.
Sunday, April 19.—Luke vii., 36-50.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

Our lesson to-day is about different ways of serving Jesus, and in the lesson we read about some of the very same people that we learnt about last Sunday. Who did we particularly learn about then? Yes, Lazarus, and he had two sisters, Martha and Mary. They lived in the little town of Bethany not far from Jerusalem, and here Jesus had raised Lazarus from the dead. Our lesson to-day is sometime after that, but Jesus is again in Bethany. He had not stayed there all the time, because the Jewish officials would have arrested him, so Jesus had gone away and worked and taught in other places. He had come back now however, because it was near the Passover and Jesus wanted to be in Jerusalem for that feast time. When he came back to Bethany a great many of the people were very glad to see him, and some of them got together and made a sort of party for him. They sent out invitations to many to come and have supper with Jesus, and Lazarus was one of the most important guests, while Martha was helping to see that everybody had enough to eat and that all should go off well. The man in whose house the supper was given was named Simon, and he had once been a leper whom Jesus most likely had cured, so he was very proud to give the supper and glad to tell people what Jesus had done for him; then there was Lazarus, and a great many people came particularly to see him, and again and again he told the story of how Jesus had brought him back to life after he had been dead four days; then ther was Martha, and a great many would stop to speak to her and say, 'Is that story really true about your brother?' 'Indeed it is,' Martha would say as she hurried to see that everything was cooking properly and that the maids had prepared enough rolls for the tables and that everybody was having a good supper; 'Indeed it is, every word of it. And nothing we can do for Jesus is too much to honor him.' Then there were the disciples who had travelled about with Jesus for three years and they would have all sorts of stories to tell of the wonderful things Jesus had done, and how he had raised to life two other dead people. But where was Mary all this time?

FOR THE SENIORS.

The time between this and last Sunday's lessons had been spent by Christ awhile in retirement at Ephraim (John xi., 54) and later in journeying along the northern border of Judea and by a roundabout way, probably to avoid the officers of the Jews now on the watch to take him, through Jericho and back to Jerusalem and Bethany. The incidents of this time are covered in Luke xvii., 11; xix., 27; Mark x., and Matt. xix., 20. His return to Bethany was the signal for general rejoicing among the townspeople and for the curious visits of crowds from Jerusalem to see the miracle worker and the man he had raised to life. From this on Christ did not attempt to hide his whereabouts. He had come to Jerusalem with his sacrifice in mind, the time had come for his departure and the rest was in God's hands. His freedom from molestation now rested on the curiosity and favor of the multitude (Mark xiv., 1, 2). Vainly again had Christ been trying to prepare the minds of his disciples for what he knew was to come (Mark x., 32-34), yet the burden on his heart was not allowed to darken the pleasure of the supper at which his friends rejoiced to greet him. Only when Mary's loving gift showed that one heart understood somewhat, and sympathized (Mark xiv., 8; John xii., 7), did he let its shadow fall on those about him. This open prophecy of imminent death in spite of the seeming popularity of the moment, and the equally open reproof seem to have taken away the last barriers to Judas's rising treachery. That this was the final incident to influence Judas in his action seems to be the reason why Matthew and Mark give it in the order in which they do, for it is generally conceded that John's placing is chronologically correct. The supper was given at the close of the Sabbath, just preceding the day of the triumphal entry into Jerusalem.

(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE.')

People are apt to suspect that emotion is an alternative to action, but emotion rightly directed is the highest motive power. What can never be accomplished by the most convincing argument or the keenest sense or duty can be wrought by the impulse of love. A mother will make sacrifices which no one can ask of a nurse; the best drilled conscript will never touch the heroism of a patriot fighting for home. First there is the emotion which sets men's hearts on fire, and then there is the deed. Christianity obtained her martyrs and won her victories, not because men reasoned that Christ was the Son of God, or concluded that His law was the most perfect righteousness, but because multitudes of ordinary people loved Him with all their heart and were prepared to die for Him. When women like Mary gave the best that they possessed to Christ in the hour of His defeat, and before He was crucified poured over Him the spikenard of their love, the future of Christianity was securely assured, and Christ already had ascended His throne. —John Watson, the 'Inspiration of Our Faith.'

There are thousands of persons who think it essential to teach children arithmetic, but pernicious to instill into their minds a love of poetry or art. They judge of education by the test, Will it pay? Can this attainment be turned into money? The other question, Will it enrich the nature of the child and of the man? is not asked. They proceed as if they believed that the man is made for business, not business for the man; and thus it comes to pass that everywhere among us men are found sacrificed to business, stunted in their moral development, shut off from the deeper things of life. The pursuits which such persons condemn are the very things which lift life out of the low level of commonplace buying and selling, and invite us to remember that man liveth not by bread alone, but by high thoughts, by noble sacrifice, by devoted love and all that love dictates, by the powers of the unseen, mightier by far than all that we see.—Marcus Dods.

To feel gratitude without showing it is perhaps no better than to show gratitude without feeling it.—Ivan Panin.

(FROM PELOUBET'S 'NOTES.')

'She who has chosen Martha's part,
The planning head, the steady heart,
So full of household work and care,
Intent on serving everywhere,
May also Mary's secret know,
Nor yet her household cares forego;—
May sit and learn at Jesus' feet,
Nor leave her service incomplete.'

—Richard H. Thomas.

'Be kingly prodigal of time, for use
In God's sweet service. 'Tis a jealous cruse
That holds thy life from love's anointing wide.
Shatter it grandly. See! an eager tide
Of fragrance and of healing ministries,
Wrought on the Lord if on the "least of these;"
And see! the ragged edge, the flakes fallen down,
Form, at His word, thine alabaster crown!'

—Amos R. Wells.

Henry Martyn, that heroic missionary to India who 'burned out for God,' once wrote: 'We would not make a hard bargain, and know the precise quantity of virtue necessary for salvation; but we wish to serve Christ with the full flow of affection, to have body, soul, and spirit unreservedly dedicated to his service.' Every missionary biography gives examples of this whole-hearted service.

'Never forget that we serve a Lord who can read the humblest action gloriously. He so interprets our poor and tangled service that we shall hardly know it in the morning.' —Rev. G. H. Morrison.

Often, those that criticize Christians for their lack of practical charity are the least charitable themselves. 'Mark the striking contrast between the money box of Judas and the alabaster box of Mary, his thirty pieces of silver (=shekels, each=4 denarii) and her three hundred denarii, his love of money and her liberality, his hypocritical profession of concern for the poor and her noble deed for the Lord, his wretched end and her noble memory forever.'—Schaff.

2. But, even if Judas had not been a thief, he would have been wrong, because giving begets giving. The same spirit of love that led Mary to pour out the spikenard upon Christ would lead her to give to Christ's poor, while her example of sacrifice has inspired countless deeds of beneficence through all the ages. So with the influence of Christian conventions, noble church architecture, uplifting paintings, inspiring music. They give back, in the service they prompt, many times their cost.

BIBLE REFERENCES.

Mark xiv., 3-9; Matt. xxvi., 6-13; Luke x., 38-42; John xii., 26; Matt. xxv., 40; Jas. iv., 12; I. Cor. xiii., 13.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, April 19.—Topic—Sunday, our weekly Easter, and how to observe it. John xx., 1-10, 19-23; Rev. i., 10.

C. E. Topic.

Monday, April 13.—They should be workers. II. Chron. xxxi., 21.

Tuesday, April 14.—They should be glad. Ps. lxviii., 3.

Wednesday, April 15.—They should be trustful. Ps. cxii., 6, 7.

Thursday, April 16.—They should be gentle. II. Tim. ii., 24.

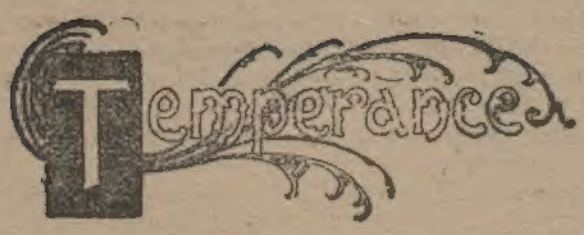
Friday, April 17.—They should be examples. I. Tim. iv., 12.

Saturday, April 18.—They should be strong. Col. i., 11.

Sunday, April 19.—Topic—What Christians should be like. Matt. v., 13-16.

Sabbath School Wreckers.

'I call them Sabbath School wreckers,' said an earnest Sabbath School worker. 'What do you mean?' said his surprised listener. 'I mean teachers who come irregularly to Sabbath School. They wreck their classes,' was the answer. It was a strong way of putting it, but is it not true? Scholars do not like substitutes; they are quick to copy the bad example set by their teacher. They soon begin to come irregularly themselves, and after a time are lost to the school. The class is wrecked. Now, one may not be a very capable teacher, but regular attendance is possible. Certainly every teacher can do that much. Whatever you are, don't be a Sabbath school wrecker.—Exchange.



Jim Magruder's Great Fight

I had this story from the Rev. John Thomas. It is his story, and I can tell it only as he told it to me:

You remember that while I was in college I supplied the little church at Warner, and that I continued as acting pastor while at Newton. It was there that I saw the great fight.

One Saturday as I was coming from the train a messenger came to me with the news that Jim Magruder's wife was sick and that the doctor was sending her to the hospital, and 'would the minister please come to the house right away, as they were getting her ready for the 3 o'clock train?' Getting Annie Magruder ready for the hospital! That would be hard on Jim and the three little ones. I knew how deeply the Magruders loved each other. I prayed God to help me help Jim.

They showed me into the sick room where Jim sat beside her bed. Bravely the little Scotch wife called for her 'bairns.' When she had kissed them, she asked me to pray for them. I prayed and pronounced the benediction, and would have gone out, but she called me and said, 'Mr. Thomas if anything happens so that I don't come back, be a friend to Jim and the bairns.' I promised.

We sent them on the train at 3 o'clock. Jim, standing by her cot in the baggage-car, waved 'Good-bye' for both of them. We prayed for her in church on Sunday and there was not a dry eye in the house. Annie had won every heart in the village with the same quiet power that had drawn 'Big Jim' Magruder to her.

The operation was a failure, and on Monday morning Jim brought his wife's body home. Back to the home where I had prayed on Saturday, I went from the train with him, but it was empty and cold. Friends had taken the children, and the neglected fires had gone out. Into that cold house we took her. Outdoors the thermometer said, 'twelve below zero.' It was not much better indoors at Magruder's. I tried to comfort the man, but could not reach him; he was far away from me. He was dumb in his grief. His face was set as white as Annie's. He was deaf when I spoke to him. I was discouraged. I went away to pray and to think how I could be 'a friend to Jim,' as I had promised.

About 1 o'clock I started for the Magruder place and met Jim on the way. What a change the hour had wrought. His face was set and white as before, but his eyes were blazing. He looked as Frank Roger's bulldog did when we pulled him away from 'Doc' Newell's collie that time when he had almost killed Newell's dog. He was mad. For a minute I was afraid to speak to him, but I remembered my promise. He told me that he was going 'tastin'' (drinking), and it didn't make any difference if I was 'the minister,' he'd knock me down if I didn't let go of his arm. Then, God forgive me, I lost my temper and began to talk.

'Jim Magruder,' said I, 'you're bigger than I am, but, by the God that made us both, if you go tasting to-day, you will have to walk over me.'

I started to pull off my overcoat, but I stopped, for I seemed to see Annie Magruder's face and I remembered her request. 'Jim,' said I, looking him in the face, 'forgive me for getting angry, I forgot my promise to your woman. Come back into the house a little while and let us talk it over.'

We went back to the house and the fight began; a big strong man was fighting for his life with a big temptation. They tell me of Antietam and the charge up Mary's Heights. I have read of Fontenoy and Waterloo, of Marston Moor, of Marathon and Arbela, of Tours and Hastings and Orleans, of Valmy, of Blenheim and of Saratoga. I like to read such things. I come of a fighting race and the blood cries out for them. Many of my forbears did not die in their beds. That is why I like to read of a fight. But yonder at Warner that day there was a bigger fight than any they tell me of, and greater than any of which I have read.

We forgot the cold. Forgot! It wasn't cold there. I sat at the coffin's foot and Jim sat by the head. For a long while we were as silent as Annie. My memory ran far afield to some place where I heard men sing the Psalms. Their words rushed to my tongue and before I realized I was repeating them aloud. Great beads of sweat stood on Jim's forehead. His hands were clinched tightly. Presently he took his coat off, and I took off mine. 'Twas too warm in that room. Then silence fell upon us again, and I thought that a great tall man stepped into the room. His dress was somewhat like a woman's but his face! I couldn't see it plainly, yet it radiated manliness. His eyes, I cannot describe to you how they shone,—some day you will see them and then you'll understand. He spoke. I mind well what he said; it was, 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest.' His voice was rounder than the thrush's, and more mellow than the blackbird that we used to hear at home. The fragrance of his presence was like bridal roses in June. And though I knew it was not there, I thought I saw a great white throne. As quiet as his coming, was his leaving. But the feeling of his presence was upon us, as Jim threw himself on his knees, and, taking Annie's hand, said, 'Mr. Thomas, pray for me.' Then far away I seemed to hear, 'He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God and he shall be my son.'

It was dark when I went home that night, but the Light of the World was in Jim Magruder's heart.—'Morning Star.'

One Man's Testimony.

At Tokyo, under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A., Mr. Bryan said on the subject of Temperance:

'I was struck by the fact that some of your leading men who came to me at the hotel said they noticed I was a teetotaler. I am. I wear now a badge which I am proud of, and though I am not going into a discussion of the merits of Temperance, I am a standing, living example of the physical development of a teetotaler. I was born a teetotaler and I signed the pledge very early, and I sign it again and again, every time I get a chance. I have two reasons for abstaining—first, I believe it is best for me, and secondly, even if I imagined I was strong enough to withstand the temptation of drink, I am not willing that my example as a Christian should lead others astray. And the same with other things. If eating meat will lead my brother to offend, I will give it up too. I do not want to force my opinions on anyone else, but if anyone says he cannot live without intoxicants, send him to me and I will answer him.'

DON'T MISS IT!!

Easter Number

—OF THE—

CANADIAN PICTORIAL

The April issue of the ever-popular 'Canadian Pictorial' may well stir with pride the heart of a true Canadian. The 'Noted Canadian of the Month' is the Lieut.-Governor of Manitoba, Sir Daniel McMillan, and a picture of Lady McMillan is given in the Woman's section. Winter scenes of varied beauty, including Ice Formation on Lake Huron, the Muskrat's Winter Home, exquisite views, just taken of Niagara, in Winter Garb, well represent the season in which Canadians delight, while scenes of budding Spring are not wanting. A couple of fine pictures show Ontario's two great Hydraulic Lift Locks at Kirkfield and Peterboro, either of which has twice the capacity of the largest work of the kind anywhere else in the world. Another picture is of Alexander Graham Bell of telephone fame, who grew up in Canada, and installed his first working telephone in Brantford. A remarkable view, taken seven hundred feet underground, shows a couple of brawny miners in an Ontario gold mine near Kenora, and the new electric engines on the G.T.R. for the St. Clair tunnel will be of special interest. Besides these, and many other Canadian pictures, there are pictures from across the water, such as a huge English Telegraph Exchange, the Thames Frozen Over a winsome group of a schoolmistress at 85, and her pupils, etc., etc.—all of them of interest to Canadians.

Weddings of the Month, Fashions, Toilet Hints, Care of the Baby, Wit and Humor, News in Brief serve to complete a delightful number. The 'Canadian Pictorial' is a pleasure to look at, a pleasure to touch. No home should be without it.

Ten cents a copy, one dollar a year, to all parts of the world.

To Canada or Great Britain a club of three new subscribers at half-rate.

The 'Pictorial' Publishing Company, 142 St. Peter street, Montreal.

10c a copy. $1.00 a year.

For Sale at all the Leading Newsdealers or of the Publishers

The Pictorial Publishing Co.

142 St. Peter Street, Montreal.

P.S.—The 'Canadian Pictorial' and the 'Northern Messenger' } Only $1.00

Correspondence

S., Ont.

Dear Editor,—Papa drives us to school every morning in the winter months. We have a mile to go. There was a school concert the last day of school, although there are only twelve scholars. I am in the third reader. Papa taps eight hundred trees. There are covers on every bucket. I like syrup very much. I was at my aunt's for Christmas, and stayed for a week and had a nice time. The snow is pretty deep and the roads are filled with drifts.

CLARENCE STIRTAN.

H., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have two pets; they are pigeons and are always found about our stable. Often when I am feeding the cows they come and light on my head and go for a ride, but when I start for the house they always fly for their home. When they play about their wings always make a great noise which often scares the horses. I can skate well, but cannot skate at present, as the snow is very deep. I will close with a riddle: If any of you were to bore a hole down through the earth and threw a stone in it, where would the stone go?

CHARLIE HOARD (age 10).

D., Ont.

Dear Editor,—While reading the letters on the Correspondence Page I often thought I would like to write one myself. I am the eldest of a family of seven. I have four sisters and two brothers. My youngest sister's name is Edith, and we have lots of fun with her, as she is just beginning to talk. My grandma is visiting at our place.

RUTH MacDIARMID.

A., B.C.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for a long time, but I have not sent any drawing or letters to it yet, although I like it very much. I have a pet calf. We have 15 chickens and we get fresh eggs every day. We live near a church and I go to church once on Sunday and to Sunday School every Sunday. I have two grandmothers and one grandfather living. One died at the age of 85 years. The one that is living will be 85 years old in March.

CORINNA C. FRASER (age 9).

G., Sask.

Dear Editor,—I am taking the paper and I see little letters I like to read. Our farm is 2 1-2 miles from G., but we are staying in G. for the winter, so that I can get to school. G. is not a very big town, but there are two good stores in it and many other places.

BERTHA LEACHMAN (age 12).

N. L., B.C.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl seven years old. Our teacher in day school was sick this week, so a man took our school this week. There is a good deal of playing hockey on the ice now the lake is frozen. My father is the Methodist minister her. We used to live on Vancouver Island. We had no fun coasting there. I liked the story of 'The Winning

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Pansies.' Aggie Bailey (age 10), C., Ont.
2. 'Our Camping Home.' Myrtle G. Sider (age 8), S., Ont.
3. 'Maud.' Willie Murdoch, D., Man.
4. 'Our Star.' John R. (age 13), S., Ont.
5. 'The White Swan.' Fred Powe (age 11), L., Ont.
6. 'A Watch Dog.' Rennie Wightman, B., Ont.
7. 'House.' E. Shaver, L. P., Ont.
8. 'Armchair.' Janie L. Libbey (age 11), B., N.B.
9. 'Pleased with Himself.' Watcher, Roland, Man.
10. 'Dapple Horse.' Herbert Aggas (age 12), M., Man.
11. 'Goosie Going for a Drink.' Annie C. Chamney (age 9), C. P., Ont.
12. 'The Young Bugler.' Willie Millar (age 11), B., Ont.
13. 'A Swan.' Pearl Creighton, W., P. Que.
14. 'A Sailor Boy.' Norman Ward (age 9), H., Ont.
15. 'Waiting for a Rider.' Ruth A. Perrin (age 13), S., Man.
16. 'Skating with Doggie.' Frederick Ralph Burford (age 9), C. P., Ont.
17. 'A Dainty Morsel.' Fannie Kaizer (age 15), S. M., N.S.
18. 'Grindstone Island.' Guy F. Russell, H., N.B.
19. 'Home Sweet Home.' Arthur Cody (age 12), S. J., N.B.
20. 'British Battle Ship.' Arthur Smith (age 10), B., N.S.
21. 'Empress of Britain.' Fred. Scarland (age 6), C., Ont.
22. 'House.' Andy Murchison (age 8), W., Ont.

---

they come and light on my head and go for a ride, but when I start for the house they always fly for their home. When they play about their wings always make a great noise which often scares the horses. I can skate well, but cannot skate at present, as the snow is very deep. I will close with a riddle: If any of you were to bore a hole down through the earth and threw a stone in it, where would the stone go?

CHARLIE HOARD (age 10).

D., Ont.

Dear Editor,—While reading the letters on the Correspondence Page I often thought I would like to write one myself. I am the eldest of a family of seven. I have four sisters and two brothers. My youngest sister's name is Edith, and we have lots of fun with her, as she is just beginning to talk. My grandma is visiting at our place.

RUTH MacDIARMID.

A., B.C.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for a long time, but I have not sent any drawing or letters to it yet, although I like it very much. I have a pet calf. We have 15 chickens and we get fresh eggs every day. We live near a church and I go to church once on Sunday and to Sunday School every Sunday. I have two grandmothers and one grandfather living. One died at the age of 85 years. The one that is living will be 85 years old in March.

CORINNA C. FRASER (age 9).

G., Sask.

Dear Editor,—I am taking the paper and I see little letters I like to read. Our farm is 2 1-2 miles from G., but we are staying in G. for the winter, so that I can get to school. G. is not a very big town, but there are two good stores in it and many other places.

BERTHA LEACHMAN (age 12).

N. L., B.C.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl seven years old. Our teacher in day school was sick this week, so a man took our school this week. There is a good deal of playing hockey on the ice now the lake is frozen. My father is the Methodist minister her. We used to live on Vancouver Island. We had no fun coasting there. I liked the story of 'The Winning Doll' on the 'Young Folk's' page very much. My little sister calls her Indian doll 'Minna Ha ha.'

EVELYN WRIGHT.

C. H., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy thirteen years of age. I go to the high school in town and am in the second form and my second year at the school. We have examinations at the High School at Christmas, Easter and mid-summer every year. I tried the three examinations last year and the Christmas this year, making a hundred in Algebra at mid-summer and this Christmas.

IRA PARTRIDGE.

K. F., Que.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl ten years old. I go to school, but I am at home now, as school is closed on account of scarlet fever. I go to Sunday School and get the 'Northern Messenger.' I like the drawings very much. I will close now with a riddle: What is higher and prettier when the head is off?

ANNIE V. ROSE.

H., Man.

Dear Editor,—I am a little Manitoba girl. Our place is near the station. I go to school every day that is not too cold, and I do not like staying at home. Last winter I could not go at all. In the summer I walk, and in the winter papa drives me part of the way. At Christmas time our teacher gave us a party, and she gave us prizes for the one that had done the best work.

MIN.

OTHER LETTERS.

Mabel Helen Young, H., Ont., has 'not been able to go to school, except a few weeks one summer,' but you couldn't tell that from her letter. She evidently has school at home.

Donald J. Hendry, M., Ont., is 'nearly eight years old. Since Christmas I have read "The Child's Life of Christ," "Black Beauty," "Out of Cabbage Court," and "Uncle Tom's Cabin" for children.' A good showing for a boy 'nearly eight.'

Chrissie Fraser, M. L. B., N.S., says, 'My cat got drowned this winter.' She answers Allan D. Morrison's riddle (March 20)—a photograph.

'Sunflower,' C., P.E.I., writes, 'We haven't had much skating or coasting this winter, as there has been no snow or ice. I have not gone to school for a good while, as my eyes are weak, but I took two prizes when I was going.

Carl Westley McKee, K. S., Ont., sends a splendid long train for the drawings, but as it is on brown paper it will not reproduce. All drawings should be on white paper and not be colored.

Raymond Taylor, P. B., N.S., sends a painting, and it also will have to be left out, on account of the colors. Your work is very good Raymond, and you evidently have a good eye for color. Did any one tell you to use blue to help make the snow?

Victoria Marsh, L., Ont., asks 'What is it that gives a cold, cures a cold, and pays the doctor?'

Addaline Lucia, C., Ont., has had the croup and is not well yet. However, summer will soon be here, won't it, Addaline? And then all the colds will have to go. Your riddle has been asked before.

J. C. Buchanan, O., Man., has 'a pony named Billy, I ride him after the cattle. We have a graphophone and twenty-four records.' The answer you give is true enough, but not the right one.

Ruth A. Perrin, S., Man., says, 'We have a dear little calf, not a week old yet. Mamma has a pet pig that we brought up on a bottle. Her name is Peggie, and she comes into the house every time she gets a chance.'

Susan V. Ford, P., P. Que., mentions a drawing she sent. We have yours and your sister's also, Susan, and they will be in soon.

Randolph E., Atwood, Ont., writes a little letter just to keep up the credit of his town. We have several correspondents in Atwood, Ralph, but are glad to add you to the number.

A letter without any signature comes from London, Ont. The writer likes to recite.

Fred. E. Bergman, P., N.S., says, 'Papa brought one of our little colts home to-day and it went like an old horse. They are so tame that I can get on their backs.'

Russell Townsend, B. R., Ont., is one of our busy boys—'I have to water the cows, horses and calves, to feed the pigs and other animals, and to gather the eggs, of which we get about fifty-two a day.' He goes to school as well.

J. Benson Sweezey, L. N., N.B., asks, 'When is a boat like a prisoner?

Unie MacInroy, Montreal, is in a great hurry for summer, 'I wish the fruit would hurry up and ripen.' Just give it a chance, Unie. I think I can answer Ruby G. Parkhouse's riddle (March 13)—Neither would be correct, as six and seven are thirteen.'

Ida A. G., New Lowell, Ont., says, 'The Sunday School had a sleigh ride this winter. We all gathered at the church in the afternoon and then started. There were eight loads. We had a lovely time.'

We also received little letters from Kitsie Ford, P., P. Que.; Janet Densmore, B., Ont.; Maggie Aldcorn, S. P., Ont.; Ruby McLeod, S. B., Ont.; Evelyn Cartwright, C., Ont., and Lulu and Flossie Brundage, B.P., Que. Riddles sent in these have been asked before.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Then You'll Think of Mother

(Rev. M. J. Ballantyne.)

When her weary hands shall rest,
Folded on her quiet breast,
Then you'll think of mother;
How in work those hands once moved
For the children that she loved,
Those toil-worn hands of mother.

When her eyes shall close in sleep,
From which they'll never 'wake to weep,'
Then you'll think of mother.
Oh, the vigils they have kept,
In the night while others slept,
Those love-lit eyes of mother!

When her tongue shall silent be,
Plead no more, nor sing for thee,
Then you'll think of mother;
Then your aching heart will long
For the counsel, prayer, and song
From the tongue of mother.

When the lips shall part no more
With the dear, sweet smile of yore,
Then you'll think of mother;
You will not forget the kiss
Which thrilled your childish heart with bliss,
Pressed to yours by lips of mother.

Years will pass,—they're fleeting now,—
Bring no shadow to her brow,
But kindly think of mother;
Help her often as you may,
Life with her is such brief day,—
Your life on earth with mother.

Wait not till her soul at last
To the home above has passed,
But show your love to mother;
Cheer her while on earth she stays,
By your loving acts and ways,
Be dutiful to mother.

—Selected.

Father of a Saucepan.

An inventor, an owner, a master (writes a missionary), is, in Oriental usage, a 'father' of that which he invents or owns or controls. Dr. Thomson, the distinguished Oriental traveller, says that 'the Arabs call a person distinguished for any peculiarity the father of it. Thus, a man with an uncommon beard is named Abu dakn—"Father of a beard;" and I have often heard myself called Abu tangera—"Father of a saucepan," because the boys in the street fancied that my hat resembled that black article of kitchen furniture.'—'C. E. World.'

The Two Brothers.

(The 'Christian Globe.')

My mother was twice married; but as I was but a week old when she died, it is only from other people that I have learned what little I know about her first husband. I believe she was scarcely seventeen when she was married to him; and he was barely one-and-twenty.

He rented a small farm up in Cumberland, somewhere towards the sea-coast; but his affairs did not prosper, and, falling into ill-health, he died before they had been three years man and wife, leaving my mother a widow of twenty, with a little girl just able to walk, and the farm on her hands. Half the stock had been sold to pay the more pressing debts, and there was no money to purchase more, or even to buy the needed provisions.

There was another great trouble in store for her, and sad and sorry I believe she was to think of it.

A dreary winter she must have had in her lonesome dwelling, with no other near it for miles round. Her sister came to bear her company, and the two planned and plotted how to make every penny they could raise go as far as possible. I can't tell you now it happened that my little sister whom I never saw came to sicken and die; but, as if my poor mother's cup was not full enough, only a fortnight before Gregory was born the little girl fell ill, and in a week lay dead.

My mother was broken-hearted with this last blow. My aunt has told me that she did not cry; she would have been thankful if she had; but she sat holding the poor wee lassie's hand, and looking in her pretty, pale, dead face, without so much as shedding a tear.

After Gregory was born, however, her tears seemed to loosen, and she cried day and night, day and night, till my aunt and the other watcher looked at each other in dismay, and would fain have stopped her if they had but known how.

But she bade them let her alone, and not be over-anxious, for every drop she shed eased her brain, which had been in a terrible state before for want of the power to cry.

She seemed after that to think of nothing but her baby. Aunt Fanny was older than my mother, a kind, warm-hearted creature, who thought more of her sister's welfare than she did of her own; and it was on her bit of money that they principally lived, and on what the two could earn by sewing. But by-and-by my mother's eyesight began to fail. Though she could see to do domestic work, she could no longer do fine sewing and earn money. Aunt would fain have persuaded her that she had enough to do in managing the cottage and minding Gregory, but my mother knew that they were pinched, and that Aunt Fanny herself had not too much to eat; and as for Gregory, he was not a strong lad, and needed better nourishment.

One day—it was Aunt Fanny who told me all this about my poor mother, long after her death—as the sisters were sitting together aunt working, and my mother hushing Gregory to sleep, William Preston, who was afterwards my father, came in.

He was a bachelor, long past forty, and one of the wealthiest farmers thereabouts. He had known my grandfather well, and my mother and my aunt in their more prosperous days. He sat down, and made himself agreeable; but he said very little, either on that visit, or on many another that he paid before he spoke out what had been the real purpose of his calling all along.

One Sunday, however, my aunt stayed away from church, and took care of the child, and my mother went alone. When she came back, she ran straight upstairs, without going into the kitchen to look at Gregory or speak a word to her sister, and aunt heard her sobbing as if her heart was breaking. She went up and scolded her through the bolted door, till at last she got her to open it. Then she threw herself on my aunt's neck, and told her that William Preston had asked her to marry him, and had promised to take care of her boy, and to let him want for nothing, either in the way of keep or education, and that she had consented.

Aunt was a good deal shocked at first; but by-and-by she seemed to take a brighter view of the marriage than did even my mother herself, who hardly ever looked up, and never smiled. Much as she had loved Gregory before, however, she seemed now to dote on him more than ever.

At last William Preston led her to the altar, and she went to be mistress of a well-stocked house, not above half an hour's walk from where aunt lived. My mother did all that she could to please my father, but she did not love him, and he soon found it out. She loved Gregory, but she did not love him.

Perhaps love would have come in time, if he had been patient enough to wait; but he turned sour to see how her eye brightened and her color came at the sight of that little child, while for him, who had given her so much, she had only gentle words cold as ice.

He got to positively dislike Gregory—so jealous was he of the ready love that always gushed out like a spring of water when the boy came near.

One day he gave way to temper, and swore at Gregory, who had got into some mischief, as children will; my mother made some excuse for him; my father said it was hard enough to have to keep another man's child without having it perpetually held up in its naughtiness by his wife, who ought to be always in the same mind that he was; and so things went on until I was born.

My father was glad, proud, and sorry by turns; glad and proud that a son was born to him, sorry for his poor wife's state, for my mother began to sink from the day I was born. Then he sent to Carlisle for doctors, and would have coined his heart's blood into gold to save her, if that could have been; but all in vain.

One of her last requests was to have Gregory laid in her bed by my side, and then she made him take hold of my little hand.

My father came in while she was looking at us so, and when he bent tenderly over her to ask her how she felt now, and seemed to gaze on us two little half-brothers with a grave sort of kindliness, she looked up into his face and smiled, almost her first smile at him; and such a sweet smile!

In an hour she was dead. Aunt came to live with us. It was the best thing that could be done. My father would have been glad to return to his old bachelor life; but what could he do with two little children? He needed a woman to take care of them; and who so fitting as his wife's elder sister? I grew to be a bonny, strong-looking lad whom every passer-by noticed.

Gregory was three years older than I, and though Aunt Fanny was always kind to him in deed and action, she was far more engrossed with me, from the fact of my having come into her charge as a delicate baby.

Father never got over his grudging dislike to his stepson, who had so innocently wrested with him for the possession of my mother's heart.

Yet not for the world would my father have denied him anything that money could purchase. That was, as it were, in the bond when he wedded my mother.

Gregory was loutish, awkward, and ungainly, marring whatever he meddled in; and many a hard word and sharp scolding did he get from the people about the farm.

Gregory was made into a shepherd, receiving his training under old Adam, who was nearly past his work. I think old Adam was almost the only person who had a good opinion of Gregory. He stood to it that my brother had good parts, and for knowing the bearings of the Fells he had never seen a lad like him.

One winter, when I was about sixteen, and Gregory nineteen, I was sent by my father on an errand to a place seven miles distant by the road, but only about four by the Fells. He bade me return by the road, whichever way I took in going, for the evenings closed in early, and were often thick and misty; besides which, old Adam, now paralytic and bedridden, foretold a downfall of snow before long. I soon got to my journey's end, and did my business—earlier by an hour, I thought, than my father had expected—so I took the decision of the way by which I would return into my own hands, and set off back again over the Fells just as the first shades of evening began to fall.

It looked dark and gloomy enough; but everything was so still that I thought I should have plenty of time to get home before the snow came down. I set off at a pretty quick pace; but night came on quicker. The right path was clear enough in the daytime, although at several points two or three exactly similar diverged from the same place; but when there was a good light the traveller was guided by the sight of distant objects—which were quite invisible to me now. I plucked up a brave heart, however, and took what seemed the right road.

It was wrong, however, and led me to some wild, boggy moor, where the solitude seemed painful—intense; as if never the footfall of man had come thither to break the silence. I tried to shout, with the dimest possible hope of being heard, rather to reassure myself by the sound of my own voice; but my voice came husky and short. Suddenly the air was filled with thick and dusky flakes, which cut me off from all knowledge of where I was.

To save myself from shedding tears, I shouted—terrible, wild shouts for bare life they were. I turned sick as I paused to listen. No answering sound came but the unfeeling echoes. Only the noiseless, pitiless snow kept falling thicker, thicker—faster, faster. I was growing numb and sleepy. I

tried to move about, but I dared not go far for fear of the precipices which I knew abounded in certain places on the Fells.

Now and then I stood still and shouted again; but my voice was getting choked, as I thought of the desolate, helpless death I was to die, and how my poor father would grieve for me; it would surely kill him—it would break his heart, poor old man!

Aunt Fanny, too—was this to be the end of all her cares for me? I began to review my life in a strange kind of vivid dream, in which the various scenes of my few boyish years passed before me like visions.

In a pang of agony, caused by such remembrance of my short life, I gathered up my strength and called out once more—a long, despairing, wailing cry—to which I had no hope of obtaining any answer, save from the echoes around, dulled as the sound might be by the thickened air.

To my surprise, I heard a cry—almost as long and wild as mine—so wild that it seemed unearthly, and I almost thought it must be the voice of some of the mocking spirits of the Fells, about whom I had heard so many tales. My heart suddenly began to beat fast and loud. I could not reply for a minute or two. I nearly fancied I had lost the power of utterance.

Just at this moment a dog barked. Was it Lassie's bark—my brother's collie?—an ugly enough brute, with a white, ill-looking face, that my father always kicked whenever he saw it, partly for its own demerits, partly because it belonged to my brother.

Yes! there again! It was Lassie's bark! Now or never! I lifted up my voice and shouted 'Lassie! Lassie! For God's sake, Lassie!' Another moment, and the great white-faced Lassie was curvetting and gamboling with delight round my feet and legs, looking however, up in my face with her intelligent, apprehensive eyes, as if fearing lest I might greet her with a blow, as I had done oftentimes before. But I cried with gladness, as I stooped down and patted her. My mind was sharing in my body's weakness, and I could not reason, but I knew that help was at hand. A grey figure came more and more distinctly out of the thick, close-pressing darkness. It was Gregory wrapped in his shepherd's coat.

'O Gregory!' said I, and I fell upon his neck unable to speak another word. He made me no answer for some little time. Then he told me we must move, we must walk for the dear life—we must find our road home, if possible; but we must move, or we should be frozen to death.

'Don't you know the way home?' I asked.

'I thought I did when I set out, but I am doubtful now. The snow blinds me, and I am afraid that in moving about just now I have lost the right gait homeward.'

He had his shepherd's staff with him, and by dint of plunging it before us at every step we took—clinging close to each other—we went on safely enough, as far as not falling down any of the steep rocks, but it was slow, dreary work. My brother, I saw, was more guided by Lassie and the way she took than anything else, trusting to her instinct. It was too dark to see far before us; but he called her back continually, and noted from what quarter she returned, and shaped our slow steps accordingly. But the tedious motion scarcely kept my very blood from freezing. Every bone, every fibre in my body seemed first to ache, and then to swell, and then to turn numb with the intense cold. My brother bore it better than I, from having been more out upon the hills. I strove to be brave, and not complain; but now I felt the deadly fatal sleep stealing over me.

'I can go no farther,' I said, in a drowsy tone. I remember I suddenly became dogged and resolved. Sleep I would, were it only for five minutes. If death were to be the consequence, sleep I would. Gregory stood still.

'It is of no use,' said he, as if to himself. 'We are no nearer home than we were when we started, as far as I can tell. Our only chance is in Lassie. Here! roll thee in my cloak, lad, and lay thee down on the sheltered side of this bit of rock. Creep close under it, and I'll lie by thee, and strive to keep the warmth in us. Stay! has gotten aught about thee they'll know at home?'

I felt him unkind thus to keep me from slumber, but on his repeating the question I pulled out my pocket-handkerchief, of some showy pattern, which Aunt Fanny had hemmed for me; Gregory took it and tied it round Lassie's neck.

'Hie thee, Lassie, hie thee home!' And the white-faced, ill-favored brute was off like a shot in the darkness. Now I might lie down—now I might sleep. In my drowsy stupor I felt that I was being tenderly covered up by my brother; but what with I neither knew nor cared; I was too dull, too selfish, too numb to think and reason, or I might have known that in that bleak bare place there was naught to wrap me in save what was taken off another. I was glad enough when he ceased his cares and lay down by me. I took his hand.

'Thou canst not remember, lad, how we lay together thus by our dying mother. She put thy small, wee hand in mine—I reckon she sees us now; and belike we shall soon be with her. Anyhow, God's will be done.'

'Dear Gregory,' I muttered, and crept nearer to him for warmth. He was talking still, and again about our mother, when I fell asleep. In an instant—or so it seemed—there were many voices about me—many faces hovering round me—the sweet luxury of warmth was stealing into every part of me. I was in my own bed at home. I am thankful to say, my first word was 'Gregory!'

A look passed from one to another—my father's stern old face strove in vain to keep its sternness; his mouth quivered, his eyes filled slowly with unwonted tears. Then I knew the terrible truth: Gregory had given his life for mine.

When convalescent Aunt Fanny told me all. How, on that fatal night, my father, anxious at my prolonged absence, had been fierce and imperious even beyond his wont to Gregory; had upbraided him with his stupidity, which made his services good for nothing—for all, in spite of the old shepherd, my father always chose to consider them.

At last, Gregory had risen up and whistled Lassie out with him—poor Lassie, crouching underneath his chair for fear of a kick or blow.

Three hours afterwards, when all were running about in wild alarm, not knowing whither to go in search of me—not even missing Gregory, or heeding his absence, poor fellow—poor, poor fellow!—Lassie came home with my handkerchief tied round her neck.

They knew and understood, and the whole strength of the farm was turned out to follow her, with wraps, and blankets, and brandy, and every thing that could be thought of. I lay in chilly sleep, but still alive, beneath the rock that Lassie guided them to. I was covered over with my brother's plaid, and his thick shepherd's coat was carefully wrapped round my feet. He was in his shirt-sleeves—his arm thrown over me—a quiet smile (he had hardly ever smiled in life) upon his still, cold face.

What Our Dog, Dream, Likes.

There is an intelligent fox terrier in the city of Philadelphia whose name is Dream.

Dream is about eighteen months old, and she does everything but talk. One of her stanch companions is a young cat which came to the house some time ago. Dream and the cat have a great time together. They play until they are tired, when they huddle up close together and take a nap.

Dream has her greatest fun with a rubber doll, and carries it with her everywhere she goes. When a stranger comes into the house, the first thing Dream does is to hunt her doll and bring it to the visitor.

Sometimes she handles the rubber doll pretty roughly. The moment there is a hole in it Dream will have no more to do with it, and it does not take her very long to tear it into many pieces. Then she will cry until a new doll is procured.

The moment Mr. Focht enters the home with a new doll in his pocket, Dream knows it, and she jumps up at his pocket and tries to get it. At night she refuses to go to sleep unless she has her rubber doll by her side. If it is hidden, Dream cries until the toy is given to her.

One of her greatest feats is ball-playing. Standing fully sixty or seventy feet away, Mr. Focht throws a tennis ball up into the air. Dream makes a pretty stand, and, running, catches it with her mouth. She seldom misses.

Dream can be sent to any part of the house to get a handkerchief, hat, slippers, or shoes. The four can be placed side by side, and, if told to bring the hat, she is sure to return with it. She rarely makes a mistake.

When told to cry, Dream sets up a pitiful wail. She sits up, walks on her hind legs, and can dance on all fours. She learned to dance in an odd way. Frequently Mrs. Focht would take the dog out for a walk in City Park. While there, Dream would get tangled up in the high grass and go through all kinds of manoeuvres, similar to waltzing. Her mistress would command her to dance, and instantly she would dart into the grass and dance.

Dream doesn't like herself when she is dirty. She gets a bath once a week. After taking a bath, a pretty red girdle is placed about her neck, and she is then the proudest dog in the city. When on the streets with her girdle, she positively takes no notice of any other dogs. When she is dirty and has her leather collar on she will run up to any dog.

She has a fondness for anything sour. She likes pickles, lemons, pepper, cabbage, and in fact eats almost anything. She drinks a quart of milk a day. Dream is known by nearly every child in the neighborhood and is very fond of children. Several girls in the vicinity frequently went to a near-by store for ice cream and brought some back in a paper for Dream. The latter is very fond of it, and nearly every day would wait at the front door for the children to pass and feed her cream.

Dream has also an ear for music. Mr. Focht is the owner of a fine graphophone. Whenever he plays a piece that is old, the dog fails to notice it; but, the moment he places a new record on the machine, Dream knows it, and, jumping upon a chair, throws her head to one side and peers into the mouth of the big horn.—'Our Four-Footed Friends.'

Mary's Composition.

The district schoolteacher looked up pleasantly at her four long lines of pupils standing beside their desks awaiting dismissal and smiled.

'One week from Friday, in the afternoon,' she said, 'there will be no studying and no recitations of lessons. That afternoon will be devoted to literary exercises. Every boy will be expected to give us some kind of a declamation and every girl a composition. I want you all to do your best, for I shall invite your parents and other relatives. Now, you may go.'

As the pupils filed out, they looked at each other in blank dismay. Not that but under other teachers they had 'spoken pieces' and read little essays on spring and other seasons, but no one had been obliged to do it. The effort had been wholly voluntary. Little Mary Johnson was, especially, very much wrought up.

'Why, I never wrote a composition in my life!' she exclaimed, indignantly. 'And I know I can't. I can't think of anything to write—not the first thing that would be interesting!'

'Well, I wouldn't worry about it, Mary,' said Carrie Cook, her nearest neighbor. 'Can't you come in and stay awhile at our house and play?'

'No, indeed, I just guess I can't, then,' replied Mary. 'Mamma always leaves the dinner dishes for me to wash, and they are such a mess! The table is always just full, and it looks like I never get through. But I have to do them all the same.' And saying good-night to her little friend, Mary toiled slowly up the hill and down the long lane, at the end of which nestled a little white house. That was Mary's home.

Mary's mother was a very busy woman. She had a house full of little children to cook and sew and wash and iron for, and it was quite necessary for her to leave many a little task for her little daughter to accomplish out of school hours.

As Mary entered the house she wore a very much beclouded face. The kitchen did not present a very inviting appearance, with its big table of dirty dishes, the stovehearth lined with greasy pots and pans, and worst

of all, 'the old black skillet,' as Mary called it, which she always so despised to wash.

'Seems like there's everything to wash to-night, mamma,' she complained, bitterly, as she put away her books and wraps. 'I never will get through; never in this world!'

Mrs. Johnson laughed aloud. '"Where there's a will, there's a way,"' she said, with cheerful briskness. 'I wouldn't let a few dishes and a greasy skillet put me to rout. I'd fall upon them and put them to flight in a jiff.'

The brightness in her mother's manner put heart into Mary. She actually laughed a little as she tied on her apron. 'You are so funny, mamma,' she said. 'I believe you think people can do anything.'

'"Patience and perseverance accomplish all things,"' again repeated Mrs. Johnson. 'Just have enough patience and perseverance and you'll conquer every time.'

'I'm just going to see how quick I can do them,' said Mary, to herself, as she attacked the pile of dishes. How the little hands made the cups and saucers and plates dance in the hot suds, and with what speed they were dipped into the hot rinse water and dried! With what vigor she fell upon the sticky pots and pans and scraped and washed! 'You just needn't act as if it was impossible to get you clean,' she said to them, quite savagely. 'I'm going to persevere until you shine, now!'

As soon as the lamp was lighted Mary gathered pencil and paper and began operations. Her composition was entitled, 'Perseverance,' and was really a very amusing and entertaining description of her dishwashing experience. It wound up with: 'I do believe there isn't much of anything a girl or boy can't do if they try real hard and have plenty of patience and lots of perseverance. I was just as sure as I could be that I could never in the world write a composition, and that pile of dishes seemed as if they never would get washed—especially that miserable old black skillet! But perseverance led me on, and perseverance conquered, and I feel sure now that if I take for my motto, as I mean to, "Patience and perseverance accomplish all things," I shall become a good scholar, a good housekeeper and, I do hope, nearly as good a woman as my mother when I am as old as she.'

A great round of applause met this little effort of Mary's, and the teacher was so pleased that she commended it very highly, and presented Mary with a beautiful little booklet containing Longfellow's 'Psalm of Life.'—'Boys and Girls.'

Derelicts.

Here is one of the Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman's stories:

On a recent journey to Porto Rico, while facing a terrific storm, I entered into conversation with a man who knew the seas and who was master of the ship. I said to him, 'Do you fear the storm?' 'Not in the least,' he said, 'for by good seamanship we are able to weather almost every storm that has ever swept across the mighty deep.' Then said I, 'Do you fear the fog?' and he said, 'Not to any extent, because different vessels have a definite track along which ordinarily they sail, and we know just about when and where to expect other vessels on the highway of the seas.' 'What then,' I said to him, 'do you fear the most?' and he said, 'We are the most afraid of derelicts. A derelict is a dismantled, unmanned ship. It is a ship sailing to no harbor, a ship without a compass, without a crew, and without a captain.'

As he spoke, it occurred to me that there were a vast number of derelicts to-day all about us in life—men who have no captain on their vessel, who have set out for no harbor, but drift idly with the tide, a menace to all others who would lead the best of lives, of no use to themselves and incapable of serving others. Some of these derelicts were once in the Church, but, unfaithful to their duties, they have slipped away; some of them, never having known Christ, have become genuinely indifferent to the claims of God. It is a thought of great cheer, however, that there is One who waits to board every drifting vessel, to make useful that which has been useless, to strengthen that which has been weak, and that one is Jesus Christ, the Captain of our salvation.—The 'Presbyterian.'

A Good Time.

'I wonder if I can borrow two or three children for a day or two!' called a familiar voice at the door.

'Oh! oh! it's Uncle Gerald!' cried three eager voices, and three pairs of feet hurried into the hall. Then Uncle Gerald was hugged and kissed, until he cried for mercy.

'Do somebody help, or I shall be strangled! Call the police!'

'Ask your mamma if you may go home with me and stay till to-morrow afternoon,' he said. 'Pine Hill is smooth and hard. It's fine coasting, and the "double ripper" hasn't had a slide this year.'

'I'm almost afraid to have them go,' said the mother, doubtfully, in answer to the children's eager entreaties. 'They might get hurt coasting, or take cold.'

'There isn't the slightest danger,' cried this funny uncle. 'Haven't they a grandmother and two or three aunts, ready to rub them in sweet oil, roll them in cotton batting, and bake them in the oven, if they even dare to sneeze, and it will be the last good sliding this year?'

'Well, then, if you will promise to bring them home "safe and sound," they may go, but'—

The excited children did not wait to hear the last of the sentence, but hurried away to find clean aprons, coat, cloaks, and hats, and very soon after they were seated beside their uncle in the sleigh, behind the big gray horses.

The snow was smooth, and there was enough crispness in the air to make their cheeks rosy; but the sun shone bright and warm, and Uncle Gerald told funny stories, and it seemed but a very short time before the city was left in the distance, and they drove up to the farmhouse door; and there were Grandpa and Grandma Avery, and Aunt Grace, and Aunt Jessie, and their four little cousins from across the way, to welcome them.

'We are going to have such fun to-morrow, cried Leon and Roy. 'Mamma says we must all go to bed early; so we must go home just as soon as we have played a little while.'

'We will,' said Phil. 'Dolly always gets sleepy by seven, and we would all better go then, so we may have all the more time in the morning. O, grandma, how good your muffins do smell!'

After this hint grandma asked them all to taste her muffins, and after supper the children played a few games, and then went to bed to rise with the sun.

The next morning well muffled in warm clothing, the seven merry cousins started, with the long sled, for 'Pine Hill.' But

OLD DAN.

grandpa came out from the stable with 'Old Dan' harnessed.

'See here, children,' said he, 'you will get pretty tired walking up that long hill, and if you will be very careful, and let him take his own time, you may hitch on Old Dan to draw you up.'

Was there ever such fun before? The gentle old horse easily drew them to the top of the hill; then he was unhitched, and trotted down again, while the children went swiftly down on the 'double ripper,' for almost half a mile.

How they laughed, and sang, and shouted! They never thought of being cold; and the morning was so short! But they were quite ready for grandma's delicious dinner.

After dinner Uncle Gerald brought the sleigh and horses to the door, and Phil, and Clare, and little Dolly, were wrapped up warmly, and kissed and tucked in.

'We thank you all very much for the good times we've had,' said Phil. 'I never had so good a time before in all my life, but we always do have nice times when we come here—the very nicest times.'

'We ought to thank Old Dan, too,' said Clare. 'Oh! wasn't it such fun?'

'You must come and see us just as often as you can,' said grandma, tucking a bag of walnuts under the sleigh seat.

Grandpa brought out a basket of red apples, and Aunt Grace a bag of pop-corn, and then Uncle Gerald started the horses and said, laughing, that if he stopped any longer there would not be a thing left in the house. —'Our Dumb Animals.'

The Crow.

(By E. E. Herick, in the 'Congregationalist and Christian World.')

O much defamed, disparaged bird,
One friend thou hast among thy foes,
Whose heart with joy sincere is stirred,
When on the edge of Winter's snows
Thy horst 'caw, caw,' again is heard.

Those whom thy greeting song repels
Hear not the far-off melodies
Which its prophetic voice foretells,
Nor know that in a dark disguise
A soul of beauty often dwells.

To me the blackest crow is dear,
For Summer rides upon his wings,
His trumpet wakes the sleeping year,
And every lark and thrush that sings
I seem in his harsh call to hear.

'The Winding Stair.'

I want to tell you something about the spider's web. Perhaps you say, 'Oh, I hate spiders. they make me shudder.' I know they are not favorites with children, and in some countries they have good reason to be afraid of them, but they need have no fear in this country. Probably you have borrowed your dislike of spiders from your mothers. Kind as mothers are to their children they are merciless in regard to spiders. This is easily explained. They want their rooms to be sweet and clean, and consequently if a spider has been able to spin its web, why, then it is a reflection of their cleanliness, and this, of course, no woman could endure.

Notwithstanding all that good housewives can do to exterminate spiders we know enough of their work to realize some of its ingenuity, and perhaps, some of its beauty.

I wonder if you ever watched a spider spin its web! First of all, how does it obtain the one silky thread with which it spins? Ah! here is a wonderful thing which is worth all your attention.

It is with spiders just as it is with the silk moth caterpillars, Mrs. Spider always spins the web. The stuff out of which it is made exists within her body in a fluid state. If you look at a spider closely you will find a sort of star-like figure on it which is really made up of a number of tubes. Then if you take a microscope you will see that each of these tubes bristles at the end with very tiny points. Through every one of these the fluid is forced, and when it comes into the air it dries and is capable of being drawn out into the fine threads you see. The single thread, that is, has been formed of a multitude of the united strands which have issued from the spinnerets. We wonder at the fineness of a single thread, but what are we to say when we find it is really made as thick as it is by hundreds of strands!

But it is more to the web than to the thread that I want to draw your attention. When you have an opportunity just watch the spider at work. You will see how that she first squeezes a drop of liquid silk from the tubes and then draws it into a long thread which she cautiously lets herself down foremost and with her hind legs makes the thread more perfect. This stiffens as it dries. Then she wings herself to the opposite side of the wall, and there again fixes her thread. After this she lays as many threads as she wants in one direction and then proceeds to cross them until the web is complete.

But now what is this wonderful web for? Why, it is just to catch the feet of the unwary! Behind the web, and quite out of sight, Mrs. Spider calmly awaits the coming of her victim, and she has constructed her snare that the slightest vibration of one of the strings is felt by her, so that if a fly so much as touches it she knows, and then with a sudden rush along the threads she pounces down upon her victim, whose feet have become entangled in trying to escape, and all hope is gone. Her poison fangs are in its body in a moment, and it is dead.

It is thus, you see, a dangerous thing to tread upon her 'winding stair,' for whosoever goes up 'ne'er comes down again.' If, therefore, the fly was wise he would not listen to her call—'walk into my parlor,' he would crush down his desire to see the 'many pretty things' there said to be displayed, and keep far enough away. For as the wise king said of folly—'She crieth to the simple, let him turn in hither, but he knoweth not that the dead are there, and that her guests are in the depths of horror.'

Thus does the spider's web woven on the walls of our houses utter a warning, and the warning is this—'Don't listen to every voice which says "come into my parlor." However enticing and beautiful the parlor may be beyond the winding stairs, don't tread upon a single step for the stairs are the steps which lead to ruin.'

When your companions say—'Never mind what your mother says, let us have some fun,' don't listen, it is a step on the winding stair.

When you are asked to give up your Band of Hope principles and practices, don't listen. Sixty thousand of the youths of England every year ascend the winding stairs and never come down again. I say again, don't listen, don't be enticed.

When you are asked to buy a 'dirty' paper, or read a filthy book, don't listen. Reading such will stir up evil thoughts in your mind, and you cannot tell the end. I say again, don't listen, remember the winding stair. And in this, you will have to be careful even in your selection of the books you may take out of libraries.

When you are asked to bet just a penny, or put a shilling on a horse, don't listen. Betting and gambling is like climbing the winding stair. If you once begin you can never be what you ought to be.

Alas! that it should be so. Mothers may sweep down spiders' webs from the walls, but there are winding stairs in many and many a home over which they can only weep. Take your warning from the webs and keep clear of them all.—Uncle Harry, in 'Church Family Newspaper.'

A Fresh Air Patient.

Dennis Mahoney sat in his small, hard chair, with his crutch by his side, and looked at the doctor. He liked the doctor. He felt, though he couldn't explain why, that the doctor had a kind heart under his outside gruffness. And however rough his voice might be, his hand was as gentle as a mother's and much more skilful. But neither the doctor's kindness nor his skill had been able to put good health into Dennis' weakly little body, nor soundness into the lame leg that prevented him from running round and playing with other boys, and which some one had cruelly told him he would 'never get over.'

'What the boy needs,' said the doctor to Mrs. Mahoney, 'what he must have, indeed, is pure, fresh country air, pure, rich country milk, and pure, blue country sky and plenty of them all.'

Mrs. Mahoney, having just quitted her washtub, wiped her arms on her apron, and looked with a queer sort of a smile at the doctor.

'Perhaps,' she said, dryly, 'ye've got the Good Samaritan in yer pocket that's goin' to give him all that. Sure, he won't come out of my wash-tub.'

'You ought to know by this time,' said the doctor, in a tone as dry as her own, 'that I am not given to prescribing impossible remedies—'

'To do ye justice,' interpolated Mrs. Mahoney, 'when ye do, ye brings 'em wid ye. But this time—'

'Don't be foolish, Mrs. Mahoney,' said the doctor severely, 'this time is going to be no exception. Can you have him ready to take my prescription (or what it calls for) at ten o'clock day-after-to-morrow morning?'

Mrs. Mahoney looked at him long enough to make sure that he was in earnest, and then wiped her eyes where she had wiped her arms. 'Sure, doother,' she began brokenly, 'ye're the kindest—'

'I've not time to listen to unnecessary talk,' returned the doctor gruffly. 'Remember, will you? that I shall call for him at ten o'clock sharp the day-after-to-morrow—that is Thursday. He is going to the country; and he is going to stay there till he is better, if it takes all summer. And if you must buy him a cap or a coat, or something there's the money;' and laying a crisp bank-bill on the table, the doctor hurried off to escape any more 'unnecessary talk.'

So it came about that Dennis joined a fresh-air party, being especially commended by the doctor to the deaconess in charge. It was the first time that the boy had ever been outside the city precincts, and his idea of the country was as vague as the outlines of a ship in a thick fog. Consequently the journey on the train was an endless wonder to Dennis. So was the landscape—the fields, trees, cattle and houses that slid by him so fast that he could not see half of them. So was the large pleasant 'home' in its fields and gardens, where his journey ended. In his wildest dreams he had never imagined anything so strange and beautiful.

And the bread and milk were so good! and the bed so white and soft! and every one—not only the dear deaconess, but every one—was so kind to him! At first he sat on the piazza and watched the children at their games, and every now and then they called to him to make him feel that he was, as they said, a 'part of the show.' By and by he began to walk a little himself; there was always some one to lean on and to guide him. He saw pigs fed and cows milked; he rode in the farm waggon and rolled in the hay field. He did so many new and interesting things that he thought it would take at least a month to tell his mother all about it when he got home.

Due notice was given of his coming, and Mrs. Mahoney's impatient mother-heart made her get up at midnight and do her day's washing, so that she could meet him at the station. 'It'll be so fine to see him looking betther,' she said, 'that I can't wait for thim to bring him.'

But when she saw him get out of the train, fat, rosy, brown, and actually without his crutch (she had not expected that), she covered her face and began to weep as if her heart were broken.

'Why, mother!' said Dennis, wonderingly, 'ain't ye glad to see me all well again?'

'Glad!' she exclaimed, 'troth and I am that! I'm so glad that I'm like to burst! And if iver I get a hould of that doother again, I'll—'

But what terrible threat was hidden in that unfinished sentence must needs be left to the imagination; for just there her voice broke down again, and her tears fell faster than before. So she could only sob out brief thanks to the deaconess, and walk away with her recovered Dennis—oh, the joy of it!—walking beside her.—The 'Mission News.'

Behind it All.

Behind words lie deeds, behind deeds qualities, behind qualities intentions, and the distinction between one man and another is the innermost ambition and the chosen attitude of the soul. The final judgment lies with God, who knows all things, and God judges us by the heart.—John Watson, D.D.

TAKING TIME BY THE FORELOCK.

It would certainly be a surprise to some of our 'Pictorial' boys could they see our April order book and notice how large a list of orders we get on file by the 25th of one month for the following month's supply. It shows how more and more the boys realise that if they want to work up a good business, it won't do to wait till they see the current issue in the hands of subscribers or on the news stand and then send in their order. That's all very well for a starter, but for real business, you want to be in at the first. However, if you've not sent in YOUR order yet, you can't do it sooner now, so send in at once and we'll give it prompt attention.

THE NEW COMPETITION.

Don't forget that the new competition starts with this April issue. Besides premiums or cash commissions, YOU may, by working up the largest sales for April, May and June, secure on of these fine prizes: (1) A. WATERMAN. FOUNTAIN PEN; (2) A Pocket Tool Case (eleven tools); (3) A Coat Pocket Electric Flash Light. (See further particulars in Easter 'Pictorial.') Or you may come at the top of your own province and get a nice book. Those who start in early get the lead, and it's easier to keep the lead from the start than to drop back and make a big spurt at the last. Let us hear from you. A postcard asking for a package of 'Pictorials' to start your sales on will bring them promptly, also our premium list and other helps.

Address: JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial' 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

'Shining Sun.'

(By Rev. Maltbie D. Babcock.)

Shining sun, shining sun,
  Bringing back the day,
Have you any word for me
  In my work and play?
Little boy, little boy,
  If you're good and true,
Wheresoe'er you work or play
  Light will shine from you.

Silver moon, silver moon,
  Sailing through the sky,
Have you any word for me
  From your home on high?
Little girl, little girl,
  Loving be to all;
Shine like me, on rich and poor,
  On the great and small.

Little star, little star,
  Shining far in space,
Have you any word for me
  In my lowly place?
Little child, little child,
  Sailors steer by me.
You can live a starlike life;
  Strong and steadfast be.

Inquisitive Peter.

'But, dear me, if he hadn't been so inquisitive, it never would have happened!'

Grandmother was apparently talking to no one at all; but Betty knew there was a story.

'Who was "he," grandmother? And what's "in-quistive"?'

'Why bless me! Is there a little girl in the room?' Grandmother looked very much surprised.

'Yes'm,' said Betty, meekly.

'Well, then, since you've heard so much, I might as well tell you the rest. But Peter would rather nobody told. He felt very much ashamed.'

'Peter who, grandmother? Please hurry.'

'Peter Bear. He lived in a cave with his father and mother, and they would have been very happy if little Peter hadn't wanted to know everything that happened. When Father Bear went out in the morning, Peter wanted to go too and see where he went. When Mother Bear wanted to see Father Bear a few minutes, Peter would come and stand up and listen, to try to find out what it was all about.'

Betty began to look suspicious.

'Every day Peter went all over the cave looking into bureau drawers.'

'Bureau drawers!' Betty's eyes came wide open.

'Holes in the wall,' said grandmother calmly. 'And sniffing in the storeroom to see what there was for dinner, and getting dreadfully in Mother Bear's way. So one day Mother Bear made a plan. Peter was sniffing and snuffing as usual, when Father Bear jumped up and rushed out of the cave as fast as he could, as if he had an important engagement. Out rushed Peter after him as fast as his little legs would trot to find out where Father Bear was going; and he never stopped until he found himself all alone in the great woods, for Father Bear had run out of sight. Then how Peter cried! He called and called, but no Father Bear and no Mother Bear answered him. He was lost and alone in the great dark woods. O dear, if he had only stayed with mother! At last, when he was a very tired and very sorry little bear, Father Bear came strolling back. He had been waiting for Peter to be sorry. When they reached the cave, Peter went and lay down by Mother Bear and cried himself to sleep.'

'What is "in-quis-tive"?' said Betty.

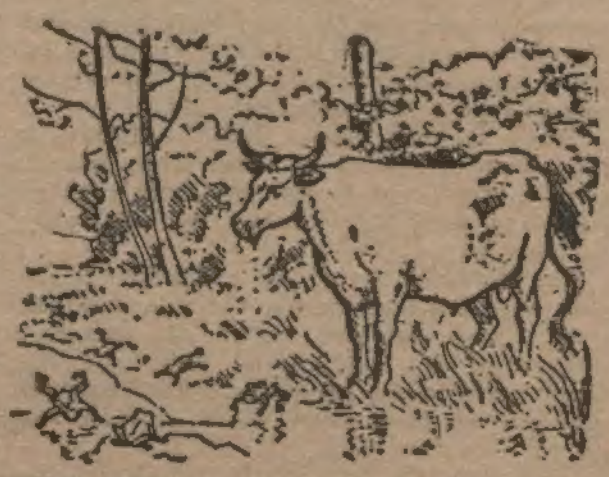
'Can't you guess?' said grandmother.

—'Sunbeam.'

The Frog and the Ox;

OR, THE RISK OF PUFFING YOURSELF UP TOO MUCH.

An Ox, grazing in a bog, chanced to set his foot among some young Frogs, and crushed one of the brood to death. One that escaped ran



off to his mother with the dreadful news; 'And, O mother!' said he, 'it was a beast—such a big four-footed beast!—that did it.' 'Big?' quoth the old Frog, 'how big? was

it as big—and she puffed herself out to a great degree—'as big as this?' 'Oh!' said the little one, 'a great deal bigger than that.' 'Well, was it so big?' and she swelled herself out yet more. 'Indeed,

mother, but it was; and if you were to burst yourself, you would never reach half its size.' Vexed at this doubting of her powers, the old

Frog made one more trial, and burst herself indeed.

The Scissors Man.

(By Anna Burnham Bryant, for the 'Child's Hour.')

The children were having a picnic out on the front lawn—a picnic party. A party, you know, is something nice to eat in the house, such as you could have on the stairs, spread out on the broad landing, with the narrow stairs for seats; or round the dolls' table, or in the wide window ledge. Rosy and Posy often had parties that way, but this was different. It was a lovely green and golden morning, and the lawn (or 'yard' as they called it) was like green velvet with gold stars sprinkled all over it. The gold stars were dandelions.

'Can we have an out doors party, mamma?' cried Rosy and Posy together, as they ate their bread-and-milk breakfast.

'I think there is a little pan of gingerbread in the pantry,' said mamma, smiling. She had planned for a busy forenoon, and baked that little pan on purpose to save buttering slices of bread for their luncheon.

'Oh, goody!' cried Rosy, dropping her spoon and darting for the pantry. 'It's hot right out of the oven, Posy!'

'And there is a pitcher of milk and two mugs,' added mamma.

'Oh, goody!' cried Posy, dropping her

spoon and running after her sister. 'It's all creamy, Rosy!'

So the two went out and set the table, and had a great deal of fun doing it. They took a long 'teeter-board' for a table, because it would balance nicely on the top of the sawhorse. It took a great many newspapers for a tablecloth, and they picked up little stones for weights to keep the corners down. The pan of gingerbread went right up in the middle, and Posy made a wreath of dandelions to put round it. It was very beautiful.

There was ever so many nice things on that table besides milk and gingerbread. They made dishes out of plantain leaves and all sorts of leaves, and then they filled them with little 'cheeses' from the weeds under the window; and they had every kind of a mud pie that you could put a name to, and some of them frosted. There were little (stone) cup cakes, painted with water colors out of their little paint boxes; and they had their second best tea set out to play with, and all their dollies except the very best rich dolly, who wasn't allowed to play with common dolls on account of her clothes. They pitied her very much because she always looked so lonely.

And then they began to invite the people to the party. There was such a nice party and so much of it they could have a lot of children. So the invitations were written with red and green pencils on blue paper, and when they couldn't spell one word they used another. And then they carried their invitations to the houses, so as to make sure they got there. Everybody accepted, and said they would come right away. But Rosy and Posy said to wait till they were a little more ready. They wanted to make some more flower wreaths to put round the plates to make them look pretty.

A strange man was standing looking at their table as they came back to it. He had an old dented hat and a coat that was patched all over, and there was a patch on his knee. He carried an old brown bag with iron things sticking out of it.

'That's a pretty table you've got there!' he said, looking hungrily at the gingerbread. 'And what a big pitcher of milk!'

'Yes,' said Posy. 'Mother said we could have a party.'

'I'm a scissors grinder,' said the man. 'I'd grind ye quite a good many pairs for a hunk o' that there gingerbread.'

'We don't have scissors—'cept our mothers,' said Rosy. 'But if you're hungry, I guess you could have some—a little piece—don't you, Posy?'

Posy nodded, doubtfully. She was sorry for the poor man, but it would spoil the pretty table.

'Here come the girls!' she cried joyfully. 'Let's ask them!'

They all went off behind the rose bushes to whisper about it.

'Yes, indeed!' said Elsie Summers warmly. 'He looks so poor and raggedy.'

'And say, girls,' cried Katy Deane, 'why don't we ask our mothers to let us get their scissors sharpened?'

'All right!' cried the others; and one and all scampered home to 'drum up trade,' as the scissors man called it when they told him.

In a few minutes they all came back with two or three pairs of scissors apiece, and Posy ran in and got a kitchen chair for him to sit in. The first thing he did was to eat a good piece of gingerbread, and of course some milk to go with it. By the time the second pair of scissors was done, half of that gingerbread was gone!

Then Posy got up and called another council behind the rose bushes. 'He looks dreadfully hungry, girls! And he isn't a tramp—he's a regular scissors man, and mother said we could talk to him, long as it was right in our front yard, and she could see us from the doorsteps. And why not let's give him all our whole party? We can have the play — pretend part — mud pies and things.'

'All right,' said the other little girls who were just up from breakfast and not a bit hungry.

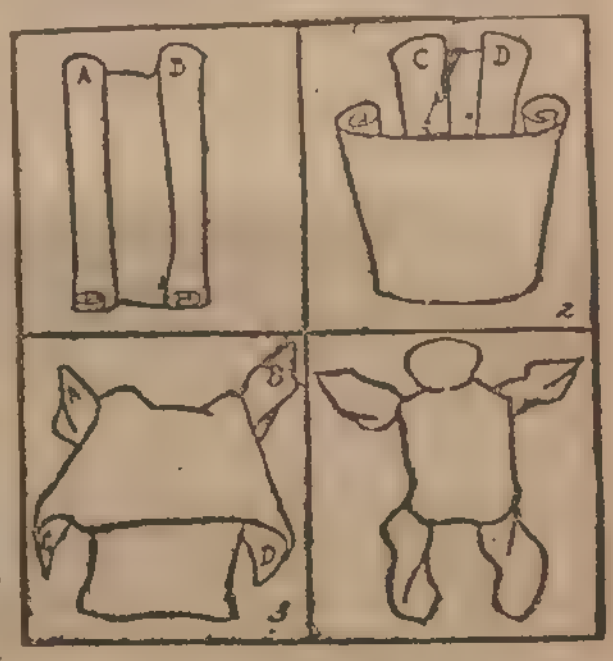
When the scissors man heard that he stopped and looked at them a minute in a wonderfully pleasant way, and seemed to be thinking of something very far off.

'Little girls,' he said, 'did you ever hear any war stories? My little girls used to like to have me tell 'em war stories—the nice camp parts when we wasn't going into battle. I used to be a soldier, and I know lots of 'em. You would? Well, then, it's a bragain. Long as these scissors hold out, I'll tell ye stories. If my little girls had lived, I guess they'd been nice and good, some like you. I'll tell ye just the nicest ones I can think of.'

And they sat there listening till mother came out on the doorsteps and called them in to dinner. She gave the scissors man some dinner, too; and the children took the sharpened scissors home and brought back his money.

Fun With a Handkerchief.

When Dottie was sick mamma gave her one of papa's big linen handkerchiefs, and this is how she



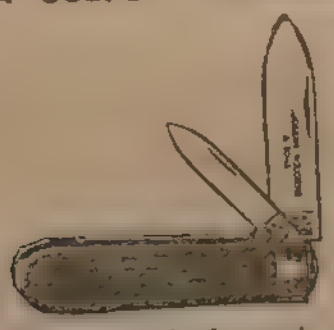
amused herself. See whether you can make a baby like the one in the picture. Follow directions in illustrations 1, 2, 3 to get the results in 4.—'Philadelphia Ledger.'

About Our Premiums.

We have a large variety of miscellaneous premiums, as well as the ever popular Bibles and other book premiums. Write us for particulars, also sample papers to show your friends.

We give just one premium offer as sample.

A USEFUL JACKNIFE.



A fine two-bladed knife, made by Joseph Rogers, Sheffield, England. The cut shows style and make. Knife closed is four inches long. A useful tool for the adult, while every boy says 'It's a dandy.' Free for only FOUR NEW subscribers to the 'Messenger' at 40 cents each.

RE=OPENED.

The 'Witness' Offer

OF

Free Flags for Home and School.

Full particulars on application to the

Flag Dept., JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
'Witness' Block, Montreal.

HOUSEHOLD.

Build Thou an Altar for the Soul.

(By Mrs. Lisa A. Fletcher.)

Build thou an altar for the soul,
O build it strong of faith and prayer
And when life's tempest o'er the roll,
And seemeth far away the goal,
Remember, comfort lieth there.

Burn there the incense pure of life,
A fragrant incense to the skies.
Forgetting earthly care and strife,
And all the grief of which 'tis rife,
Uplifting heavenward thine eyes.

Low lay thy burdens there adown,
So shall the shadows part in twain,
And carking care forget to frown.
While angels weave thee fairer crown,
For grace that thou dost thus attain.

—'Observer.'

[For the 'Northern Messenger.'

A Three-fold Cord.

In this strain of busy life, when domestic help is so hard to obtain, it is to be regretted that so much of the mother's time has to be spent in meeting the physical needs of her children, while the higher needs of mind and spirit are too often left to the public school and the Sunday School.

The Sabbath School teacher has the child about one hour each week, and in the majority of cases we fear that the chief Bible or spiritual teaching is given in that time. One is astonished at the ignorance of the simplest and most interesting Bible history which is displayed by children and young people from Christian homes, who have attended church and Sunday School all their lives.

The public school teacher has the child for thirty hours each week, so that this influence over the child must be stronger. A teacher, to whom I was once speaking on the privilege of teachers in helping to develop character, replied, 'Oh, it is not character parents expect us to develop but to pass as many as possible through the examinations.'

We fear this is too true even in Christian Canada, where we pride ourselves on our excellent system of education, and our educational leaders are striving to do away with the cramming for examinations. Until parents have a higher ideal of the work of the teacher and more appreciation for true education; so long as they test the teacher's efficiency by the number 'passed,' there will be cramming rather than true mental and moral development.

When such a large proportion of our children's time is spent under the influence of the teacher, and of the pupils of the public school, there is great need of the wisest and friendliest co-operation between the teacher and the parents. No mother has the right to leave the intellectual and moral development of her child alone to the public school any more than she has to leave the spiritual development to the Sunday School. Every teacher knows that the pupils, who come from cultivated Christian homes, where they have been trained in obedience and conscientious principles, and encouraged in wise reading, prove the most efficient scholars, even to passing examinations, and are examples in order and good behavior.

When the Home, the Public School and the Church, the three living institutions of our land, unite in wise and intelligent co-operation, then may we expect to develop citizens of whom it may be said by all the world, 'Surely this great nation is a wise and understanding people. For what nation is there so great, that hath God so nigh unto them?'

The public school is a state institution and as such, one of its first duties is to develop intelligent and honorable citizens, but the 'corner-stone of the state is the hearth-stone,' and as Moses taught the children of Israel, the foundation of their national strength lay in obedience to the law of God as given in his Word, so the necessity of co-operation between all three.

'A three-fold cord is not easily broken.'

One practical suggestion we would make toward this end is the establishment of mothers' meetings or societies to which both public school and Sabbath School teachers might be invited, and at which each should be free to present any difficulty or discouragement she had found in her work in the home, or at either school. A friendly discussion, or open parliament, upon various topics of interest in the training and teaching of children should help to effect a closer sympathy and interest between teachers and mothers, and each would be surprised at the information and points of difficulty presented by the other. Several topics I have seen discussed with great interest and helpfulness at such meetings are, 'Recreations and amusements for our children and young people,' 'Companionship of our children,' 'The Bible in the home.'

On the first subject a paper might be given by an intelligent teacher giving the science and ethics of play and games. Froebal teaches that games should have laws, so that children should learn to respect law and show honor and courtesy in their plays and games. All play should aim at development of either body, intellect or morals. A roll-call might be interesting on this topic in which each member should give the name of one game for either children or young people, one that would be free from objections and helpful on the best lines. On the second topic the language and habits that children learn from their companions at school might be freely discussed. Many mothers will not believe the conversation or habits their children may be acquiring without their knowledge. Only those who have held the confidence and sympathy of their children will be likely not to be astonished by revelations from the teacher, but these may be able to give helpful suggestions to the teacher. There are leaflets and books on social purity by standard authors such as Mary Wood Allen and Sylvanus Stall which should be read by every parent and teacher and might be discussed at these meetings. Though the Bible is usually read in schools, and Bible history is on the curriculum, there must be a sad neglect of these beautiful stories and this gem of all literature in the home. No mother should be willing to leave the teaching of this 'one Book' and its moral and spiritual lessons to the most enthusiastic teacher of either public or Sunday School. There is no danger of the children knowing too much, and the lessons they learn at the mother's knee will wield the strongest influence in the years that follow.

Lessons on hygiene, temperance and the choice of best books to read at home will form other topics of interest to all.

Mothers will take more interest in the teachers' work, and greater interest in the Sunday School, while the teachers will learn more of their pupil and the wisest way of managing them, from such friendly acquaintance with the mothers.—A. L. C. M.

The Child and the Prayer Meetings.

(By Alice Freeman Firman, in the 'Congregationalist and Christian World.')

I was waiting for a train one day at a little jumping-off place, a junction in Kansas. Vast prairies stretched out in all directions and the place looked as if there never had been a train there and never would be. Not a human being was in sight. As I waited, lonesome and hungry, I saw that there was one solitary man, the station agent, in the little depot. His back was toward me and he looked big and Western in his shirt sleeves. An ignoble thought passed through my mind of the possibility of his pulling out his revolver from that hip pocket and wiping me off the face of the earth, when he suddenly began to whistle:

'Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven to earth come down.'

In an instant I seemed to see that great big burly station agent a little boy going to prayer meeting with a widowed mother in some far-off village. He didn't know what the words meant then, but he knows now. And often when he is alone and whistles one of those old hymns, instead of ragtime, his eyes get dim and he says to himself, 'What wouldn't I give if I could be beside Mother again in the old vestry at prayer meeting!'

Are we making memories like that possible for our future men and women? Some one says, 'Would you take a child in these days to the church prayer meeting?' I certainly would. 'But the child would not be interested,' you remonstrate. He would if his father and mother were interested. 'But the child should be in bed,' another objects. Of course that is true of little children, but when a boy or girl is old enough to be out until nine or ten o'clock at an entertainment, or a band concert, or a little innocent party, then he or she is plenty old enough to be up as late as that for a prayer meeting occasionally.

Parents are so inconsistent. You ask some of them and see if you do not get the answer, 'Johnnie is so nervous, I should not think of letting him go to church in the evening,' and then you watch and see if nervous Johnnie isn't on the front row at some excitable show within a week. 'Mary has to study so hard I couldn't think of letting her go to a midweek meeting,' but Mary's studies seem to stand it if there is a birthday party in the next block which keeps her out till long after ten.

Children can get familiar with the Word of God and with precious hymns here as they can nowhere else. I heard a small boy say once after attending a midweek service, where there had been a great deal of Scripture reading in which he could take part, 'Why, Mamma, that was real interesting that we read; are there other places in the Bible as nice to read as that?' And I have often heard the remark, 'Oh, I just hope we'll sing Number 701 to-night, that's my favorite.' Seven hundred and one is, 'O Love that wilt not let me go.'

Now, Junior Endeavor meetings and all other kinds of services 'adapted' to children may be all right, but I like to have my boys and girls sit at the table with the rest of the family, after the babyhood is passed. Suppose they can't eat everything we can, there's always something they can digest. Suppose they do not understand all the grown-up talk, they can absorb the love atmosphere, and it is home, and the family is together, God bless them every one! The Father's house ought to have a table spread and all the family ought to enjoy assembling around it.

In these days we hear so much of the strenuous life—the rush and hurry and divided interest. We hear people say that the children are not acquainted with their father—he is always at some board or club or something. If every busy father and mother would habitually go to prayer meeting and enjoy what they give and get there, and would, at least occasionally, take along the child, many things over which we shake our heads with lamentations would find a remedy. The fever of modern life, with its divided interests and the fear lest the children are slipping from the parental grasp, will be quieted down as all sing together:

'Drop thy still dews of quietness till all our strivings cease,
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of thy peace.'

By and by it will be too late. The child will have 'passed.' And one of the best ways to keep 'close' will be forever lost by those who feel that there is no possible bond between the child and the prayer meeting.

A Cement That Will Stick.

A capital cement for broken china and bric-a-brac that can be made at home is obtained by mixing half an ounce of gum arabic with half a teaspoonful of boiling milk and adding enough plaster of paris to produce a creamy paste. To use successfully have the pieces that are to be mended warm and apply the cement warm with a small brush. Objects repaired with this cement have to be set aside for a week before they can be used, but after that they can be washed in either warm or cold water with safety. Soaking, however, they will not stand.—'North Western Advocate.'

You Are to Be The Judge

You Are to Be the One

to say whether it has or not, whether it did its work or failed, whether we are right or wrong. We leave it entirely for YOU TO DECIDE. You get the evidence, weigh it carefully during thirty days, note your bodily feelings and then pass your calm judgement upon it. It is ALL left to you.

The only evidence we want to put in your hands is a full-sized one dollar package of Vitæ-Ore, enough to last you one whole month's time. This package we want you to use, at our risk and expense in sending it, to PROVE TO YOU what Vitæ-Ore is, to prove to you what Vitæ-Ore will do for you, to prove to you how Vitæ-Ore cures. This is all we offer, for a trial proves its power.

Judge It By What It Does.

All we ask is a fair verdict. We say if you are sick, if you are not feeling right, that you need Vitæ-Ore. We say that one package of Vitæ-Ore will prove its power in curing disease and therefore send it to you on trial without payment of a cent, you to be the judge. You judge it by judging HOW YOU FEEL after you have used it for one month. You know if you feel better, if you sleep sounder, if you digest your food easier, if your Stomach and Liver do not bother you, if your Limbs and Back do not trouble you, if your Heart does not disturb you, if your Kidneys are acting right, if you are stronger, more active and have more red blood in your veins. You can easily judge after one month's trial if HEALTH is returning to your body. If not, YOU DO NOT PAY.

You Don't Pay for Promises

but pay only for the HEALTH it brings. You pay for WORK and not for words, and if the work is not done to your satisfaction, you don't pay a penny. You alone are to be the judge. We take all of the risk. You are the one to say "YES" or "NO." Read our thirty-day trial offer, read what Vitæ-Ore is and write for a dollar package on trial.

A BLESSING TO MANKIND.

Had Liver and Kidney Trouble—Complicated by a Weak Heart.

Hampton, N.S.

I cheerfully testify to the great good Vitae-Ore has done for me. For a long time I suffered from Liver and Kidney trouble, complicated by a weakness of the Heart, and the use of Vitae-Ore has brought about a great change for the better in my condition. I believe V.-O. to be, without a doubt, the best medicine or treatment I have ever used and will always strongly recommend it to people I meet who are in ill health and need a good medicine. Vitae-Ore is a blessing to all mankind. JAMES A. MITCHELL.

Completely Cured of Rheumatism.

Port Elmsley, Ont.

Four packages of Vitae-Ore have completely cured me of Chronic Rheumatism of over fifteen years' standing. I was also greatly troubled with my Stomach, but am happy to say that Vitae-Ore has cured this ailment in the same rapid manner as it did the Rheumatic trouble. I am now in perfect health, free from all pain, and owe it all to Vitae-Ore. JAMES HERMAN.

A Wonderful System Builder.

Calgary, Alta.

I have used one package of Vitae-Ore, and I cannot possibly praise it too highly. My system was run down, and I was in a weak, debilitated condition. Through the use of Vitae-Ore I am once more restored to health. It is a wonderful system builder. MRS. H. A. SHELLEY.

Our 30-Day Trial Offer!

If You Are Sick we want to send you a full-sized $1.00 package of Vitæ-Ore, enough for 30 days' continuous treatment, by mail, postpaid, and we want to send it to you on 30 days' trial. We don't want a penny—we just ask you to try it, just want a letter from you asking for it, and will be glad to send it to you. We take absolutely all the risk—we take all chances. You don't risk a penny! All we ask is that you use V.-O. for 30 days and pay us $1.00 if it has helped you, if you are satisfied that it has done you more than $1.00 worth of positive, actual, visible good. Otherwise you pay nothing, we ask nothing, we want nothing. Can you not spare 100 minutes during the next 30 days to try it? Can you not give 5 minutes to write for it, 5 minutes to properly prepare it upon its arrival, and 3 minutes each day for 30 days to use it? That is all it takes. Cannot you give 100 minutes time if it means new health, new strength, new blood, new force, new energy, vigor, life and happiness? You are to be the judge. We are satisfied with your decision, are perfectly willing to trust to your honor and your judgment, as to whether or not V.-O. has benefited you. Read what V.-O. is, and write today for a dollar package on this offer.

WHAT VITAE-ORE IS.

Vitæ-Ore is a mineral remedy, a combination of substances from which many world's noted curative springs derive medicinal power and healing virtue. These properties of the springs come from the natural deposits of mineral in the earth through which water forces its way, only a very small proportion of the medicinal substances in these mineral deposits being thus taken up by the liquid. Vitæ-Ore consists of compounds of Iron, Sulphur and Magnesium, elements which are among the chief curative agents in nearly every healing mineral spring, and are necessary for the creation and retention of health. One package of this mineral substance, mixed with a quart of water, equals in medicinal strength and curative, healing value, many gallons of the world's powerful mineral waters, drunk fresh at the springs.

Was Entirely Restored To Perfect Health.

ERIE, PA.—Some time ago I was afflicted with Kidney Trouble, and was all run down. I could not pick up a ten pound weight; none of my friends expected me to live. I procured a package of Vitæ-Ore and in three weeks from the day I began to use it I went to work. I continued the use of Vitæ-Ore and was restored to perfect health. I also had what the doctors called Rose Cancer, and I cured it by keeping Vitæ-Ore bound on the sore for six weeks. It has never bothered me since. I shall never cease to recommend Vitæ-Ore while I live. I am seventy years old, and am strong and healthy. A. MYERS.

IF YOU SUFFER from Rheumatism, or any Kidney, Bladder, or Liver Disease, Dropsy, a Stomach Disorder, LaGrippe, Female Ailments, Functional Heart Trouble, Catarrh of Any Part, Nervous Prostration, Anaemia, Sores and Ulcers, Constipation or Other Bowel Trouble, Impure Blood, or are just Worn-Out, send for a 30-day trial treatment of Vitae-Ore right away and see what it will do for you. It strikes at the root of disease in a way that satisfies.

Delays Are Dangerous—Write Today.

ELDERLY PEOPLE SHOULD USE IT.

As old age approaches the necessity for such a tonic as Vitae-Ore becomes each year more and more manifest, and when taken regularly by middle-aged and elderly people it displays its usefulness in various ways. There is nothing so certain in life as the weakness of old age. The young MAY need a tonic, but the old MUST use one. Old age, like youth, makes demands upon the blood for nourishment of the body, but loss of appetite and impaired digestion deprive the blood of the nutriment which should be its portion. Sound, unbroken sleep is as much needed in age as in youth, to repair waste tissues, but fortunate indeed is the elderly man and woman who can sleep soundly throughout the entire night. The enlarged volume of waste products, due to the increasing tissue-breakdown of old age, requires additional functional activity in the kidneys to eliminate them from the system, and the kidneys of the aged are apt to be refractory.

Vitae-Ore serves as an aid in most every disordered condition incidental to old age. It increases the appetite and desire for food at the same time that it improves the power to digest and assimiliate it, so the blood may be enriched by the proper nutriment. By its beneficial action in the system it induces a sounder and more refreshing sleep, and assists the kidneys to perform the requisite action. It helps to prevent the rheumatic condition of the joints usually co-incidental with age, and by its general upbuilding powers, to prolong vigor and activity to a ripe old age.

Health is so Important

to your happiness, success and enjoyment of life and its duties that if you are in any way sick or ailing you should not delay a day nor an hour but should begin proper treatment immediately, before the trouble has a chance to become settled in any of the vital organs, to spread to other parts, or to become aggravated in its developments. The cures Vitae-Ore has made in thousands of cases prove the good work it does in checking disease and repairing its ravages, a work that every sick person, man and woman, should turn to for help. Do not continue suffering when Vitae-Ore is offered to you without a penny's risk. Send for a $1.00 package on trial today. All Canadian treatments are sent free of duty from our Canadian office, but you must address us as follows:

THEO. NOEL CO., Limited, N. M. DEPT., VITÆ-ORE BLDG., **CHICAGO, ILL.**

The Art of Overlooking.

The discriminating art of forgetting is invaluable, but the art of overlooking may take precedence even over this distinct aid to happiness. It is well to put aside the annoyances of bypast time, dropping the remembrance of disagreeables, but it is better still to pass them by in the beginning without taking them up. Prevent the impression, and there will be no occasion to erase it. All mollifying ointment is good for a hurt, but better no hurt in need of healing.

Do not dwell upon unpleasantness long enough for it to take a place in the convolutions of the brain. Do not scrutinize what is unseemly, obnoxious or disquieting, if nothing is to be gained by it save a disturbing memormy. Don't stop and stoop to examine displeasing things along the life-path. Keep the eyes at higher levels, and overlook the thornhedges at the sides, taking care to keep the middle of the track, so as not to brush against them.

Even the excellent people that one meets constantly are sometimes rather trying. Some of them are positive and persistent in opinions which we, in our wisdom, know to be wrong, of course, though, strangely enough, our convictions fail to be convincing to them. Our way is crossed when there seems to be no need for it; small domestic calamities are legion; carelessness is actually culpable, and a moment's thoughtlessness may cost great inconvenience, yet after all, these things, either in themselves or in their consequences, are not vital. If no principle be involved, let them pass. Do not mar the day with futile struggle to mend them, nor the morrow with their memory. If they cannot be righted, nor even resisted, never mind them. This one bit of advice is so hard to follow that it will be good discipline for a sensitive soul to practice the precept. Even disappointments and hindering interruptions, the resolute sunshine seer will not lay to heart, but will look over and beyond them to the next bright thing to be seen.

Sometimes the mere recognition of a thing seems to give it force and form, therefore do not notice the apparent slight, the covert criticism or the tokens of impatience. Overlook also the little inadvertence, the unintentional mistake, and the small disaster that cannot be retrieved. To take note of such things brings confusion to others and discomfort to one's self. The spirit that is too accurately observant is unquiet and overburdened. The constant accuser, who calls one to account for every slip, and demands endless explanations, is a very uncomfortable sort of a friend. Overlook the unmeant offense, and, with no chance to fester in the memory, it will leave no scar behind.

It is amazing how the vexing things of the moment, that seem to grow large while we look, sink into insignificance by and by. Why give them an opportunity to disturb the present? Gauge them, sensibly, by the measure certain to be applied in the moment of calmer after-thought, and forbear the excited protest, forego the resentful expression. One cannot always be sensible, say you? Well, one can at least emulate the example of the old lady who was 'determined to endeavor to try.'

A discriminating observer of the 'method' of a mother who trained a large and very energetic family, a diverse and tumultuous set, indeed, said that one secret of her marvellous success was the 'judicious amount of letting alone.' The mother never brought on a controversy, or clash of wills, when by prudent overlooking and good management matters would presently right themselves.

Some people, it is true, have a happy faculty of overlooking, but all may attain a certain facility, through love which 'beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things,' and 'never faileth.' An 'art' we know, thanks to our bulky 'Webster,' is knowledge applied to practical purposes. It is aptitude, skill, dexterity acquired by experience. What hourly opportunities common life affords for such acquirement! The art of overlooking may not belong to arts liberal, polite or fine, but it is a kindly and useful one for every day. Cultivate it in life's intimate associations, and thus forestall, in a measure, the need of the art of forgetting.

Solomon sums up this matter thus: 'Also take no heed unto all words that are spoken; lest thou hear thy servant curse thee; for oftentimes also thine own heart knoweth that thou thyself likewise hast cursed others.'—Julia H. Johnston, in the 'Presbyterian Banner.'

Selected Recipes.

MACARONI A L'ITALIENNE.—Have two quarts of water boiling in a large kettle. Take up in the hand from one-half to three quarters of a package of macaroni or spaghetti, and, putting in one end let the whole slowly sink into the water without breaking it. Keep it boiling at a rapid rate for about an hour. When it begins to soften put in about a tablespoonful of salt. In a large agate stewpan put a cupful of rich soup or stock, half a can of tomatoes, half a dozen common onions sliced and a seasoning of butter, salt and pepper. When fresh sausage can be had, add three or four sausages cut up in small pieces. Let this simmer for about an hour. Drain the macaroni in a colander when it is quite tender, but not broken up. When drained put it into a large, deep earthen baking dish and pour over it the contents of the saucepan. Sprinkle half a cupful of grated Parmesan cheese through the macaroni and bake in a moderately hot oven nearly an hour. Serve hot with grated Parmesan cheese and melted butter if desired.

BUTTERED TOAST.—When this is prepared properly it is both palatable and digestible. Take bread at least a day old; cut thin and even slices; trim off the crust and place in the crumb jar. First dry each side of the slices of bread before allowing it to begin toasting, then let it take on slowly an even, rich but delicate brown color on both sides. Butter generously and serve on a hot dish.

RICH SPICE CAKE.—Melt a square of baking chocolate over hot water, add one-fourth cup light brown sugar and one-fourth cup hot water, then cook until smooth, stirring constantly. Cream one-half cup butter, then add successively one and a half cups brown sugar, two eggs, the hot chocolate mixture, two teaspoons cinnamon, one teaspoon cloves, one-half teaspoon nutmeg, one cup chopped fruit, currants or raisins, one cup chopped nut meats, one cup sour cream in which is dissolved a half teaspoon soda, and three cups of flour sifted with a teaspoon of baking powder. Bake in layers and spread with a cream icing, or bake in gem pans and sprinkle before baking with chopped nut meats and granulated sugar.

VEAL POT PIE.—Put a small, thick plate in the bottom of an iron pot to keep the veal from burning. Cut two pounds of veal into small pieces and put into the pot with two quarts of hot water. When it begins to boil, keep it going gently for an hour and a half. When it begins to grow tender, put in a full teaspoonful of salt and a bit of dried red pepper pod or two or three pepper corns. If an onion or potato is to be added, cut in pieces and add when the stew is half done. Before removing from the fire add half a cup of cream or rich milk, and a tablespoonful of flour mixed with a heaping tablespoonful of butter. Make up a quart of flour into baking powder biscuit dough, and roll out half an inch thick and cut in squares. Twenty minutes before the pot pie is done lay them on top, cover tightly and let them cook by the steam from the boiling pot pie. Arrange them around the edge of a heated platter: after the gravy is thickened and seasoned, arrange the meat in centre of platter and pour the gravy over it. Garnish with parsley and sliced lemon.

Practical and Useful.

(Canadian 'Home Journal.')

Wall-paper cleaning.—There are several ways by which wall-paper can be cleaned so that it looks almost as good as new. If the paper is not very dirty, pin a clean cloth over the broom and sweep in even strokes, often replacing the dirty cloth with a clean one. But the following are good ways of cleaning rather soiled papers. Take a loaf of bread, stale, but not too hard, and cut off one crust; then, taking it in one hand, rub the paper gently with the exposed surface. When the bread looks soiled, cut off a very thin slice and proceed with the work. It is best to rub up and down on the paper, and clean each place thoroughly before leaving it. Another way is to take a loaf of bread, and, after removing the crust, soak it in ammonia. It must be so wet that one can work it in the hands into a ball. Rub the paper lightly with it, and, as the ball becomes soiled on the outside, knead it until a clean surface is exposed. This will remove the dirt and smoke, and freshen up the paper wonderfully. Another plan is to make a soft dough of coarse flour mixed with water. It should be stiff enough to handle easily. The paper can be rubbed with it as in the former method. When there are grease-spots on the paper, lay coarse brown paper over them, and pass a hot iron over it. Fresh paper may be needed several times if the spot is large; or the paper might be matched and neatly patched up.

Chronic Rheumatism Cured.

50,000 BOXES FREE.

Try As I Did Under Like Conditions.
John A. Smith.

For rheumatism, that horrible plague, I found a simple remedy, and in order that every suffering reader may learn about it, I will gladly mail him or her a package free. This marvellous remedy I found by a lucky chance while an invalid from rheumatism, and have since cured hundreds of others, among them cases of over 30 and 40 years standing. In Fountain City, Wis., it cured an old gentleman who had suffered 33 years, after seven doctors had tried in vain. In Marion, Ohio, it cured a lady who had been bedfast for thirteen weeks. In Palmer, Nebr., it cured a lady 64 years old. In Bennington, Vt., it cured an old gentleman who had been lame for 20 years. In Staynor, Ont., it enabled a lady to abandon her crutches. In Englewood, Ohio, it cured a gentleman of 67, who had suffered 18 years.

No matter whether your rheumatism is chronic, muscular or sciatic, or whether other remedies have disappointed you, write me without fail, and by return mail you will receive the trial package, absolutely free, and also free a book on rheumatism, which is illustrated with many stippled drawings from actual life, and which will tell you all about your case.

Never before has a remedy for rheumatism been so highly endorsed as this. Among the eminent people who have endorsed it is Eugene H. Plumacher, United States Consul, Maracaibo. Publisher of 'Health,' London, England. Doctor Quintero, of the University of Venezuela. Stevenson Mac Adams, F.J.C., F.C.S., of Analytical Laboratory, Surgeons Hall, Edinburgh, Scotland, and many others. Address, JOHN A. SMITH, 171 Laing Bldg., Windsor Ont.

When writing to advertisers please mention the "Northern Messenger."

Mothers Should Remember That

Children are weak and helpless. They are at the mercy of their parents. Punishment by personal violence is degrading to mother and child. It takes away the self-respect of both. Mothers must never relax their efforts to secure obedience and to correct faults. Punishment when needed may easily be deprivation of something which relates to the act committeed or omitted, such as keeping the child in bed, keeping him away from playmates for a day or two if he has done wrong with them, making him sit down for an hour or more. Such punishments are usually far more effective than a whipping. But when children have done wrong and you must punish them, be calm and cool yourself before you do anything.—'Christian Intelligencer.'

Church Chime Peal BELLS Memorial Bells a Specialty McShane Bell Foundry Co., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

$12 WOMAN'S SPRING SUITS, $6.50
Tailored to order. Also Suits to $15. Send today for free Cloth Samples and Style Book.
SOUTHCOTT SUIT CO., London, Ont.

Every Boy Wants A WATCH and CHAIN. FREE
For selling 25 copies of that popular illustrated monthly, the "Canadian Pictorial" at 10 cents each. Send us the $2.50 and you get at once a guaranteed Ingersoll Watch, stem wind, stem set, and a neat, serviceable Chain. Watch alone for selling 20. Other premiums—all good. Everyone likes the "Pictorial." It "sells at sight" Beautiful glossy paper. Over 1,000 square inches of exquisite pictures in each issue. Many worth framing. Orders for current issue rushing in. Don't be among the last. Orders promptly filled. Send no money, but drop us a postcard, and we will forward supply of "Pictorials" also premium list and full instructions. Address JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Agents for the "Canadian Pictorial," "Witness" Block, Montreal.
N.B.—Besides earning premiums, your sales will all count in our splendid prize competition. Write for particulars.

SEND $1 Receive 5 Wool Remnants, suitable for Boys' knee pants up to 11 years. Give age, and we will cut pants free; add 25 cents for postage. N. SOUTHCOTT & CO., 23 Coote Block, London, Ont.

The Christian Life.

A little effort day by day
The path of life to know;
To learn detachment from the world
With all its glittering show;

A little holy diligence
At morning, noon and night,
To train the tongue to praise the Lord
And pray to Him aright;

The nearest duty gladly done
For Him who asks no more;
Some little self-denying deed
Before the day is o'er;

A little toil that we may learn
Where heavenly treasure lies;
A little study of His Word
To make us truly wise;

Obedience in little things
His blessing to obtain,
That service, prayer and sacrament
Be not for us in vain;

A little fasting for His sake
To keep the body down;
A little silence lest the strife
Of tongues His voice should drown;

A little daily act of faith,
Of love, or penitence,
To bind us to His saving cross
Lest pride should draw us thence;

FREE
Send us your name and address for 12 pieces of Jewelry to sell at 10 cents each. When sold send us the $1.20 and we will send you these TWO SOLID GOLD filled RINGS. We trust you with the Jewelry and will send it all charges paid. Send us your name and address now.
STAR MFG. CO., 49 Roy St., PROVIDENCE, R.I., U.S.A.

You cannot possibly have a better Cocoa than
EPPS'S
A delicious drink and a sustaining food. Fragrant, nutritious and economical. This excellent Cocoa maintains the system in robust health, and enables it to resist winter's extreme cold.
COCOA
Sold by Grocers and Storekeepers in ¼-lb. and ½-lb Tins.

A little sharing of His pain
The soul to sanctify;
To learn that life is only won
By those who daily die;—

A little here, a little there,
How small the measure is!
Yet so His moulding grace conforms
This little life to His.
—Written for the 'Congregationalist,' by Harriet McEven Kimball.

Cut Out This Ad.
mail it to us together with :: 25c. and if your name is not on our list we will mail you the
Western Home Monthly
FOR ONE YEAR
(Regular subscription price 50c.)
Send To-Day and you will receive this month's copy FREE
THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY has long been recognized as the greatest illustrated home magazine published in Canada, and is read by over 35,000 families every month. It contains a wealth of leading fiction, editorials for men and women, able articles on leading subjects, while its one dozen or more departments, under special standard headings, are interesting and helpful to the members in every home circle. **Handsome two-color cover every month;** beautiful half-tone illustrations of farm, ranch, city, town and country scenes, made from photos taken by our own official photographers in the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia. **60 pages and up.**
Address: The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Canada

PAGE WHITE FENCES
Get the Best. Styles for Lawns, Farms and Ranches. Made of high carbon wire, galvanized and then painted white. Tougher and stronger wire than goes into any other fence. Get 1908 prices and illustrated booklet.
THE PAGE WIRE FENCE CO., LIMITED
Largest fence and gate manufacturers in Canada.
WALKERVILLE TORONTO MONTREAL ST. JOHN WINNIPEG
220

THE NORTHERN MESSENGER.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
(Strictly in Advance.)

Single copies	$ .40 a year
Three Copies, separately addressed, if desired, for	1.00 "
Four Copies, separately addressed, if desired, per copy	.30 "
Ten Copies or more, to one address, per copy	.20 "

Six months trial at half the above rates.

Postage included for Canada (Montreal and suburbs excepted); Newfoundland, Great Britain, Gibraltar, Malta, New Zealand, Transvaal, Jamaica, Trinidad, Bahama Islands, Barbadoes, Bermuda, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Zanzibar, Hong Kong and Cyprus.

U. S. Postage 50c extra to the United States, Alaska, Hawaiian and Philippine Islands, except in clubs, to one address, when every four copies will be fifty cents extra postage per annum.

Foreign Postage to all countries not named in the above list, **fifty cents extra.**

Samples and Subscription Blanks freely and promptly sent on request.

CLUB OFFERS.

'Messenger' and 'Daily Witness,' worth $3.40, for $3.10
'Messenger' and 'Weekly Witness,' worth $1.40, for $1.20
'Messenger' and 'World Wide,' worth $1.90, for $1.75
'Messenger,' 'Weekly Witness' and 'World Wide,' worth $2.90, for only $2.20
'Canadian Pictorial,' our best premium, may be added to the above clubs for only fifty cents extra.
'Messenger' and 'Pictorial,' worth $1.40, for $1.00

SPECIAL FAMILY CLUBS.

'Northern Messenger,' 'Daily Witness,' 'World Wide,' and 'Canadian Pictorial,' $5.90 .. .. $3.70
'Northern Messenger,' 'Weekly Witness,' 'World Wide' and 'Canadian Pictorial,' $3.90 .. .. $2.70

N.B.—The club rates include many foreign countries, but not such countries as require extra postage (including the United States and its dependencies) nor is the city of Montreal or its suburbs included in the above club offers.

SUNDAY SCHOOL OFFER.

Any school in Canada that does not take 'The Messenger,' may have it supplied free on trial for three weeks on request of Superintendent, Secretary or Pastor, stating the number of copies required.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.
All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger'

Shop in Toronto Through Our Mail Order Department.

THE ROBERT **SIMPSON** COMPANY, LIMITED

TORONTO, CANADA.

Money Refunded if Goods are not Satisfactory.

GIRLS' NEW SPRING DRESSES

Made in fine fast color washing Materials in our own factory. Fit and finish guaranteed. Value unbeatable. No dress making worries if you buy these dresses for Girls.

N. M. 20. — GIRLS' DRESS, large check Scotch Gingham, sky blue or green effects, white Madras Cape Collar trimmed with frills of fine embroidery, skirt trimmed with wide bias fold of self. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Our Special price **$1.50**

N. M. 26. — GIRLS' DRESS fine gingham, medium size check pattern, colors, sky, pink, navy or red, dutch neck, elbow sleeves, neck and sleeves finished with fine embroidery front and back tucked, sizes 6 to 16 years. Our special price **$1.50**

OSTRICH FEATHER BOAS.

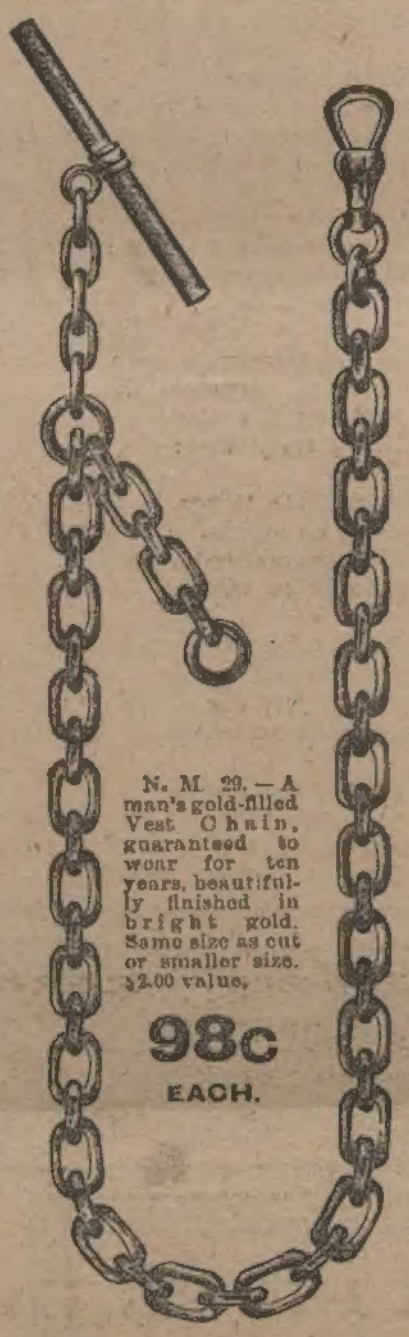
N. M. 27.--New importations in beautiful ostrich feather boas for Spring wear. These boas are excellent value, being full, round and with bright glossy fibre. Colors are white, grey, brown and white, black and white and black.

Our Special prices.

54 inches long..... $4.50
72 " " 7.50

N. M. 28.—Black Silk Neck Ruffs, full pleated ruche, with silk ribbon edging; pleated chiffon silk ties 20 inches long, edged with silk ribbon. Our Special price.. **$1.25**

$2.00 Vest Chain 98c.



N. M. 29.—A man's gold-filled Vest Chain, guaranteed to wear for ten years, beautifully finished in bright gold. Same size as cut or smaller size. $2.00 value.

98c EACH.

$2.00 Vest Chain 98c.

Ladies' Solid Gold Birthday Rings, 98c.

Don't Miss This Offer.

Regular $2.00 Value.

N.M. 30—Stones assorted as follows:—

January—Garnet,	July—Ruby.
February—Amethyst,	August—Sardonyx,
March—Bloodstone,	Sept.—Sapphire,
April—Diamond Doublet,	October—Opal,
May—Emerald,	November—Topaz,
June—Agate,	Dec.—Turquoise.

N.M. 31.—Ladies' Seal Grain Leather Hand Bag, leather lined, inside change purse, covered frame, leather strap handle, 8-inch frame, 6 inches deep, as cut, regular $1.50..... **98c**

N. M. 71.—**OVERALL APRON.** Covers entire dress, buttons in back, made in fine blue and white check gingham, front and back gathered on yoke, lengths 52, 54, 56 inches. **Our special price 55c. each.**

N. M. 72.—**SKIRT OVERALL APRON** with large bib, gored and fitted skirt, pocket made in fine navy blue with white dot print, width 88 inches around bottom. Sizes small, medium and large. **Our special price 75c.**

N. M. 73.—**OVERALL APRON,** covers whole dress, gathered in fitted yoke, width of skirt 72 inches, made in fine navy blue print with white dot. Sizes for 32 to 42 Bust measure. **Our special price 65c.**

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE MENTION "NORTHERN MESSENGER."